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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JULY, 1928

HERBERT EDWARD RYLE

A Memoir of Herbert Edward Ryle, K.C.V.O., D.D. Some-time Bishop of Winchester and Dean of Westminster. By the REV. MAURICE H. FITZGERALD. (Macmillan & Co., 1928.)

THE Archbishop of Canterbury pays high tribute to Bishop Ryle in 'An Appreciation' prefixed to this volume. They were friends of many years, and Dr. Davidson says: 'The occasions were not rare when he gave me opportunity of access to the clear wellspring of his thoughts and inspirations in high matters concerning our common work. Comparing him with other men in a wide circle of similar friendships, I would say without hesitation that he was pre-eminent in lucidity of quiet thoughtfulness and Christian common sense.' His brother bishops trusted much to this and to his lucid vision. When he became dean the archbishop frequently sought his counsel: 'I found in him a touchstone of extraordinary, and I think God-given, power for the solution of perplexities.'

Such a biography has strong claims on attention in these anxious times, and Mr. Fitzgerald, who was his chaplain and friend at Farnham and Westminster from 1904 to 1912, allows us to see the man both in public and in private, commending the faith that was in him by the grace and tact with which he bore himself' in all positions. His ancestor at Macclesfield was the intimate friend of John Wesley. He gave the site for a preaching-room in 1764, and was a trustee of the Sunderland Street chapel, where his memorial tablet is placed. His mother had herself been

a member of the Methodist Society. On Easter day, 1774, Mr. Ryle was mayor, and got Wesley to walk to the church in the procession with himself and the two local clergy. Two years later Wesley was Mr. Ryle's guest, and preached on Tuesday on the Green, near his door. In July 1787 he tells in his Journal how he visited Mr. Ryle's silk-mill, which gave constant employment to two hundred and fifty children. His son John inherited a great fortune made by his father as the first silk-merchant of Macclesfield, and had property worth £15,000 to £20,000 a year. He was Member of Parliament for Macclesfield, and his bank there was prosperous. But an untrustworthy manager of the Manchester branch dragged it down, and John Ryle lost his fortune of over half a million. His eldest son says, 'We got up one summer's morning with all the world before us, as usual, and went to bed that same evening completely and entirely ruined.' John Charles Ryle had been high in the Sixth Form at Eton, and was captain of the cricket XI. At Oxford he was in the First Class with the future Dean Stanley and others, and also captained the University XI. He refused invitations to stand for a Fellowship, and went back to Macclesfield to prepare himself for public life.

The religious spirit of his family seems to have grown feeble since the days when Wesley was his grandfather's honoured guest. Ryle says, 'I certainly never said my prayers, or read a word of my Bible, from the time I was seven to the time I was twenty-one.' A serious illness in the summer of 1837 led him to read his Bible and to pray, and by the beginning of 1838 he describes himself as 'fairly launched as a Christian.' He had entered his father's bank before the crash came which left him to start in the world with £250 from the sale of his horses and his Yeomanry outfit. He took Orders because he seemed shut up to that course of life, and in 1841 became curate at Exbury in the New Forest. Two years later he was appointed Rector of St. Thomas's, Winchester, where he 'filled his church to

suffocation and turned the parish upside down.' The stipend was only £100 a year, but after five months he received the living of Helmingham, in Suffolk, worth a clear £500 a year. He entered on his new parish at Easter 1844, and gradually became known as one of the most influential evangelical leaders of the day. His plain and nervous English and his apt and homely illustrations won for his tracts an increasing circulation at home and in the colonies. His books on leading characters and special periods of English Church history were also very popular. He was regarded as reserved and unsociable, but was unwearied in parish work. His first wife died in June 1847, two and a half years after their marriage, leaving a daughter fourteen months old. In February 1849 he married Jessie Walker of Crawfordton, Dumfriesshire, but, though she lived ten years, she was never well for more than three months together. She died in February 1860, leaving three little sons and a daughter. For five years Mr. Ryle rarely slept from home, that he might be at hand if his wife wanted anything. He would drive twelve, fifteen, twenty or even thirty miles in an open carriage in the depth of winter to speak or preach and then return to Helmingham. 'As to holidays, rest, or recreations in the year, I never had any at all; while the whole business of entertaining and amusing the three little boys in an evening devolved entirely upon me.'

In 1861 he moved to Stradbroke, fifteen miles from Helmingham, where he married Miss Clowes of Broughton Old Hall, Lancashire. She proved a true mother to the five children, and in 1899, ten years after her death, her husband wrote, 'Life has never been the same thing, or the world the same world, ever since my wife died.'

Herbert Ryle was born on May 25, 1856, and grew up in a home that was deeply religious, yet free from anything morbid. Everything was wholesome and unpretentious. The boys kept their carpenter's bench in their father's

study, for he loved to have them near him. They rejoiced in the country life, and were with their father when he set the children, on their way home from school, to jump and run races for a prize of sweets. He used to say that he ruled the parish by the sweets he carried about for such occasions.

The church was filled on Sundays, and meetings were held twice a week, in the open air in summer, and in winter at three houses in different parts of the parish. From his private school at Wadhurst, Herbert went to Eton in 1868, and in September 1869 was admitted to College. He had a strong character. Canon Lyttelton, then his school-fellow, says no one ever ventured to say or do anything unseemly in his presence. He gained the Newcastle scholarship in 1875, and in June was elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where thirteen of the forty undergraduates were Etonians. Ryle's father rejoiced in his successes in examinations, and was 'very glad' that he was not giving up cricket. 'Take my word for it, the time is not wasted.' An injury to his knee at football laid him aside, and lack of exercise, and overwork, compelled him to take an aegrotat degree. He lost both his hope of a First in the Classical Tripos and of a Blue in the University Sports.

When he regained strength he swept the board from 1879 to 1881 of all the distinctions open to students of theology, and on April 25, 1881, was elected Fellow of his College. He worked with Welldon and two other young Fellows to make the spirit of the place religious as well as intellectual. 'We were all,' says Bishop Welldon, 'Christians, all proud of the splendid chapel which is known to the world, if only through Wordsworth's famous sonnet, as the glory of Cambridge; all eager, as far as possible, to maintain the Christian Faith, alike among the Fellows and among the undergraduates of the College.' Ryle and Welldon were prominent supporters of the election of Dr. Westcott to a Professorial Fellowship at King's, where he began a series

of meetings for undergraduates in his rooms on Sunday afternoons which produced a considerable effect on the general life of the College. Ryle also welcomed the men to his own rooms, interested himself in their games and sports, and threw himself with enthusiasm into his work as theological lecturer. In 1882 he and Westcott were officially appointed to give religious instruction to members of the College. They met on Sunday afternoons in the Michaelmas and Lent terms. Westcott was host and chairman; Ryle was moderator and master of ceremonies. After tea some one read a paper. Then lights were put out and discussion began. If it flagged, Ryle would say something on the subject that made Westcott enter the fray. The ball was thus set rolling, and one who was a regular attendant did not remember any gathering from which they did not go away with a great sense of exhilaration, and a store of things to think and talk about among themselves.

Ryle's father became the first Bishop of Liverpool in 1880, and in December 1882 Herbert was ordained deacon. The following August he married Nea, the daughter of Major-General Hewish Adams, whom he had met at Dresden in 1879. They began married life with £700 a year, chiefly drawn from his stipend as Fellow and lecturer. Mrs. Ryle contributed largely, by the charm she exercised, to his social success in every sphere that he had to fill, and at Westminster she revived the hospitalities of an earlier day.

He was now becoming known as a theological writer. Dr. Butler had pressed him to join his staff at Harrow, but he did not feel free to leave his work at Cambridge. He was, however, prevailed on, in 1866, to become Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, which was not only a theological seminary, but a small University College with a strong science school. The Principal was also Professor of Greek and one of the Professors of Theology. He did valuable service at Lampeter, but in November 1887 he was appointed successor to Dr. Hort as Hulsean Professor of Divinity at

Cambridge. Hort and Westcott were two of the six electors. At that time comparatively little had been done for the liberal study of the Old Testament, which was causing much disquiet. 'The first essential was to win the confidence of thinking men; to show them that, rightly viewed, criticism of the Old Testament was an aid to faith; that it removed difficulties which a theory of verbal inspiration could only explain away by such arguments as could carry conviction in no other branch of study; that it was possible to be both a "critic" and a sincere and devout Christian.' Ryle was the very man for this task. His name won him a hearing in evangelical circles, whilst his own faith, his transparent honesty, and his learning and balanced judgment all told in his favour. He soon had an audience of two hundred students. He was easy to follow, and without any parade of learning impressed the men with his real knowledge, and stimulated them to dig for themselves. Unlike the nervous and retiring Hort, Ryle was young, human, and approachable. He got into personal touch with the men, and an overwrought student would sometimes be carried off to gain rest and energy amid birds and flowers and children's laughter at the house in Trumpington Road. Professor A. H. McNeile says Ryle gave him help in his studies which he will never cease to value. He allowed him the run of his library, and said to him at a later stage, 'Get all your books round you, and be accurate.' By books, sermons, and lectures Ryle now advanced the cause of Bible study. He had to face much suspicion, and once told McNeile that he fully expected a stake in the market-place. 'The tone of deep reverence and religious devotion which pervaded all that he wrote and said, coupled with a sanity which no opposition could disturb, drew the minds of thinking men to realize that the historical study of the Old Testament, so far from upsetting faith, was its only safe intellectual background.' He had by no means a friendly reception when he read papers on Old Testament subjects at various

Church Congresses, but he held opposition cheap where truth was at stake. *The Times* said at the time of his death that Ryle was 'guided more by Dillmann and the less revolutionary Germans than by any English scholars, and it was due largely to him that Cambridge became the home of a moderately "high" criticism, and was able to deal shrewd blows at some of the absurdities which passed muster as criticism elsewhere.'

In November 1896 he was chosen President of Queens' College, where his four years of office were marked by continued progress. He was gaining a wide and solid reputation. He was appointed one of Queen Victoria's chaplains. Her Majesty told him she was very much pleased with his sermon, and the practical way in which he treated the subject. He took a wide and judicial view of disputed questions, and stood in the true line of succession to Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort.

On November 29, 1900, Lord Salisbury wrote to offer him the see of Exeter. He was enthroned in the cathedral on February 12, 1901. It was suggested within a week that he might have to succeed Dr. Creighton as Bishop of London, but the Bishop of Stepney was finally appointed. At Exeter, Ryle quickly made himself felt. Archdeacon Sandford said, when he had gone to Winchester, 'I have worked in my life with two great men. One was Frederick Temple; the other was Herbert Ryle.' Any extra-liturgical cult of the Sacrament, implying a doctrine near akin to transubstantiation, invocation of the Virgin and saints, or compulsory confession before admission to the Sacraments, he regarded as contrary to the teaching of the English Church, and destructive of the highest and most spiritual type of worship. He yielded no ground to the extreme Modernist who would destroy the historic credibility of the Gospels, while maintaining that the essence of Christianity remained unchanged, nor to the extreme Anglo-Catholic.

In 1903 he was translated to Winchester, and in his

Diocesan Circular made it understood that the use of incense was prohibited throughout the diocese and the reservation of the consecrated elements was not permitted. Mr. Fitzgerald thinks the letter was a mistake, but many will agree with *The Times* in regarding the 'definite and precise conditions as the utterances of a strong man, conscious of his responsibilities, and prepared to face them.' He had a heavy task as head of the then undivided diocese, but won the confidence of his leading officials and did much to increase the Bishop of Winchester's Fund for extension work. He also completely reorganized the Deaconess's Home and established a branch of the Girls' Diocesan Association.

In 1910 serious trouble in his foot made it evident that the bishopric involved too severe a strain on his strength, and Mr. Asquith offered him the Deanery of Westminster. It was not easy for him to give up his work at Winchester, but he was wisely led to accept the post which set the crown on his life's achievement. After all, he told his son, the bishopric had been 'in some ways rather a dog's life.' He was installed as Dean at the afternoon service on April 29, 1911. The Abbey was being prepared for the coronation of George the Fifth, and Bishop Ryle was conducted from the Jerusalem Chamber through passages of planks lit by electricity and guarded by policemen and detectives. He read the Second Lesson, and spoke for five minutes to the company of officials, choristers, and friends. When the coronation came he was so weak that Mr. Fitzgerald was allowed to accompany him as chaplain, and during the exhausting ceremony had to dose him twice with sal-volatile and once with brandy and water, of which he carried supplies in the pockets of his cassock.

He devoted himself to the Abbey. He was not a natural orator, but the Bishop of Manchester says, 'I do not think I have ever heard such exquisitely beautiful preaching of the simple gospel. I remember particularly a sermon on Love, based on 1 Corinthians xiii., and a sermon preached

on the morning of a Christmas Day. There was not a sentence which the simplest person present would fail to understand; but the beauty which made the message so effective came from a sympathy wider and deeper than it is given to most men to experience, and from the mental discipline of his fine scholarship. The language of these sermons was perfectly simple, but it was also simply perfect.' During the war, men and women gathered in the Abbey from all quarters of the globe. The Dean's daily service of intercession at noon, and the way in which he would sum up the teaching of the Sunday service with a few words of extempore prayer, which interpreted it and fitted it into the hearers' sense of need, were a source of strong comfort to burdened worshippers. Everything that promoted the reverence and efficiency of the services was fostered, and the burial of the Unknown Warrior on November 11, 1920, gave a new imperial significance to the Abbey. The Dean was also able to secure £170,000 for structural repairs and future necessities. He exercised great influence in Convocation, of which he became prolocutor in 1919, and next year became chairman of the House of Clergy, one of the constituent parts of the Church Assembly. Once when the gallery was crowded with eager spectators, many of whom were leading and important persons, a protest was made to the chairman as to the noise which made it difficult to hear. Ryle rose and looked up at the gallery. There was instant silence. 'I feel quite sure,' he said, 'that those who have the privilege of listening to our proceedings from the gallery will desire to retain that privilege.' There was a complete end of all disturbance. He died on August 20, 1925, and was buried near to the grave of the Unknown Warrior. His favourite hymn, 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul,' was sung, and all who knew him felt that his tenure of the deanery had made the Abbey take its full place as the central shrine of the Church of the Empire.

JOHN TELFORD.

SOME ELEMENTS OF STYLE

EVERY one will recall the amusing scene in the *Pickwick Papers* where Sam Weller reads over to his father the valentine that he has laboriously composed, and discusses with him the relative merits of two impressive words. 'No, it ain't that,' said Sam, 'circumscribed—that's it.' 'That ain't as good a word as circumvented, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller gravely. 'Think not?' said Sam. 'Nothing like it,' replied his father. 'But don't you think it means more?' inquired Sam. 'Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word,' said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. 'Go on, Sammy.'

Now the elder Mr. Weller, in those profound remarks, managed to summarize almost the whole philosophy of style. He had discovered the important principle that one word is not as good as another word. Almost all that can be said about style is involved in that—one word is more tender, more dignified, more musical, more vigorous, than another, and therefore there is one word which is better fitted than any other for the subtle, sensitive, exact expression of a particular thought. There is such a thing as *le mot juste*, the inevitable word, *the* word. When John Bright made his great speech on the Crimean War, and said: 'The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you can almost hear the beating of his wings,' it is recorded that Cobden remarked that if he had said 'the *flapping* of his wings' the speech would have been ruined. Obviously it would, for the one word suggests the slow, solemn pulse of an angel's pinions, while the other brings to mind an agitated hen in a farmyard. An example like that is plain to almost any intelligence, but where the issue is more subtle and the choice more precarious the principle is the same. As Renan said, 'La vérité consiste dans les nuances,' and style, after all, is a matter of truth. Style

is not concerned with that rough and ready statement of truth which is opposed to mere falsity, but with the delicate precision of language which conveys the subtler issues of truth, whether it be in some matter of visible fact or in a less mundane region of sentiment and imagination.

The subtle choice of words which this involves is naturally complicated by a thousand things. It is complicated in English, first of all, by the mingled elements of our language. There is, of course, such a thing as Saxon simplicity, and the style of John Bunyan shows how effective and how beautiful it can be. But it would probably be true to say that the style of almost every great English writer owes something to the union and contrast and balance of the Latin and the Saxon elements in our speech. A good style in English is perhaps, for this very reason, more difficult to achieve, and more effective when it is achieved, than a good style in any other European language. For the double strain is obviously a complication, and it is also (despite the laments of fanatics and purists) a genuine enrichment. The matter is made more intricate and more interesting by the fact that the Latin element in our language has entered it in three different ways, and over a very long stretch of time. There is the deliberate naturalization of Latin words by scholars all through the formative period of the language; there is the large absorption of Norman-French words in the centuries following the Norman conquest; and there is the almost continuous stream of modern French words adopted into the language from the seventeenth century onward. We do not realize how comparatively recent is the entry of many of these last until our attention is called to the fact by a change in meaning or a change in pronunciation; as when we read in Pepys that 'it was mighty well *resented* and approved of,' and so are reminded that the word had only recently entered the language, and retained the sense of *ressentir*; or when we read in Pope:

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so *obliging* that he ne'er *obliged*,

and the rhyme recalls to us the fact that the word had been lately borrowed, and still kept its foreign pronunciation. From generation to generation protests have been made against these invading words, and the main interest of the protests to-day is that they date the process of absorption. Thus Melantha, in Dryden's *Marriage à la Mode*, is always using French words, and the intention of the dramatist is to show that the practice is ridiculous, but nearly all the words would pass without notice to-day as current colloquial English. Almost a century later, in one of Hannah More's letters there is a series of sentences full of French neologisms, deliberately inserted as a dreadful example of such borrowings, and, if my memory serves, it is scarcely half of them that would strike a casual reader as anything but ordinary English to-day.

But while words borrowed in recent generations seem to be merely absorbed into current English, without retaining anything very distinctive of their own, some of the earlier importations do certainly possess a marked character, derived from the older type of their original language, or from the picturesque centuries in which they came to us first. Thus most words of Norman-French origin seem to have a specially romantic flavour. This is partly due to the fact that many such words are connected with the trappings of chivalry. The knight's *banner* flying from the *battlements* of the *donjon*, or his *pennon* flashing through the *tourney*, while the *heralds* sound their *trumpets* and haughty *damsels* scatter *largesse* to the *peasants*—whenever we think of such scenes, all our dominant words are naturally Norman-French. This is not a complete explanation, however, for in the case of doubled words that have come into our language directly from Latin, and also indirectly through Norman-French, there always seems to be more of a poetical and romantic character about the latter. 'Cavalry' and 'chivalry' is an example ready to hand, but there are many others—'faction' and 'fashion,' 'legal' and 'loyal,' 'potion' and 'poison,' 'persecute' and 'pursue,' 'redemption' and

'ransom,' 'regal' and 'royal,' 'tradition' and 'treason.' Does not every one feel that in each case the first word of the pair is, as a word, the more rigid and technical, and the second word the more graceful and romantic? One important factor in this is undoubtedly, in the latter class of words, the disappearance of consonants, and the blending of vowels, with the general softening of the word that results, so that here, as elsewhere, it is largely a matter of sound.

On the other hand, words that have come to us direct from Latin have contributed most of the stately element in our language. Doubtless it is always easy for stateliness to degenerate into stiffness, and a latinized style in English, unless it is in the hands of a master, nearly always becomes stilted and ponderous, as it did with Dr. Johnson and his numberless imitators in the latter part of the eighteenth century. There is indeed much that is graceful and much that is tender in Latin, but there can scarcely be any doubt that it is mainly the majestic element that Latin contributes to the English language. The great seventeenth-century writers are the glorious proof of it. What is most magnificent in Milton and Sir Thomas Browne is due to the use of Latin words. Observe how all that is ornate and resonant in a passage like the following depends upon the Latin element :

'But the *iniquity* of *oblivion* blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the *memory* of men without *distinction* to *merit* of *perpetuity*. But the *sufficiency* of Christian *immortality* frustrates all earthly *glory*, and the *quality* of either *state* after death makes a folly of *posthumous memory*.'

It is to be remembered that the Latin element in our speech is mainly an affair of vocabulary, and not of syntax. (There are many minor examples of Latin grammatical usage in seventeenth-century writers, as every student of Milton knows, but nevertheless the statement is broadly true.) We have borrowed words from Latin and from French, but the grammatical structure of our speech is essentially Saxon. The Saxon verbs and prepositions and conjunctions make up

the framework of our speech, but words borrowed from other languages enable us to fill up the structural design with material of a greater variety of colour and contour. That is to say, the Latin element is almost wholly (from the point of view of style) a matter of decorative enrichment, and it is in the Saxon basis where all the nervous strength of our language lies. The Latin strain is much more than merely decorative, of course, for we owe to it most of our abstract words, and, but for these, English would be immensely poorer in its power of expressing thought. But style is concerned with the form of literature rather than with the substance, and for the purposes of style the Latin words in our speech rank as stately ornament.

So that one of the first things which condition English style is the existence of at least three linguistic strains in our speech, each of which has some special quality of simplicity, romance, or majesty. But those special attributes, however they have been derived, are mainly attributes of sound—they are the qualities (to give a brief and crude analysis) that go with the rigid consonants and resounding polysyllables of Latin, the less numerous and less stubborn consonants and more mingled vowels of Norman-French, and the simpler vowels and monosyllabic words of Saxon-English.

For, whatever the source or the history or the gathered associations of words may be, it is never to be forgotten that words are, first and last, sounds. And some words are beautiful as sounds, apart from their meaning or their history. The legendary old lady whose soul was comforted by the sound of 'that blessed word, Mesopotamia,' is very much in the same case with R. L. Stevenson, who took delight in the name of the old shipwrecked admiral of the eighteenth century, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, because it was 'a mouthful of quaint and sounding syllables.' Many men of letters have had a like delight in sonorous and picturesque names. Dr. John Brown has remarked (in *Horae Subsecivae*) concerning the names of patriarchs and kings in the Bible that often there is

'a sensation of delight in the mere sound, like the colours of a butterfly's wing or the shapeless glories of evening clouds to the eye.' Some few years ago there was a prolonged correspondence in the literary columns of a London newspaper on beautiful words, and there was a striking agreement as to the inherent beauty of some English vocables. Words like azure, bereaved, desolate, forlorn, haven, holy, mandatory, melodious, peace, splendour, welcome, wilderness, were amongst those quoted as beautiful in themselves, and most people would surely agree that they are. Other words, again, are ugly in themselves, apart from their meaning or history or literary associations—ugly as mere sounds. Catalani, the great singer, declared that English possessed the most beautiful words and the ugliest word, as sounds, to be found in any language—the most beautiful being the words 'no more,' and the ugliest the word 'scissors'! The delight of the great poets in the inherent beauty of words is strikingly illustrated in the way that they use proper names, because here, of course, there can be no question of shades of meaning. The names of the Greek ships that sailed for Troy, and the names of the nereids who came at the cry of Thetis, in the Iliad—both passages imitated by Virgil—are always quoted as the classic examples. Still, they are not nearly so effective (it seems to me) as some other passages where the names are fewer, and therefore stand out in all the greater contrast against the texture of the other words—as, to quote examples chosen almost at random :

Ἀγαμέμνων,
Ὅμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἱκέλος Διὶ τερπικεραύνῃ
Ἄρει δὲ ζώνην, στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.

*Præterea regem non sic Aegyptus et ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum aut Medus Hydaspes
Observant.*

And so in many English poets, Milton most of all :
'Busiris and his Memphian chivalry'; 'Or whom Biserta
sent from Afric shore, When Charlemain with all his peerage

fell By Fontarabbia'; 'Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres or of Lyones, Lancelot, or Pelleas, or
Pellenore'; 'Ercoco, and the less maritime kings, Mombasa,
and Quiloa, and Melind'; 'Where the great Vision of the
guarded mount Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
hold'; 'Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides, And Tiresias
and Phineus, prophets old'; 'Hermione and Cadmus, or
the god In Epidaurus'; 'Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded
name Of Demogorgon.' It is true that Milton, like all learned
poets, is naturally allusive, but the most part of all this that
has been quoted is plainly mere delight in verbal music, an
unaffected pleasure in sonorous names—that is to say, in
words as complexes of sound, apart from their meaning.

For a word, while a unit of speech, is a multiple of sound,
and the very letters which compose it have each some special
character—each possesses some quality of sound that makes
it effective for particular purposes, and harmonious or other-
wise in combination with other letters. Ausonius called the
letters 'the little dark daughters of Cadmus'—*Cadmi nigellae
filiae*—and (to pursue the quaint metaphor) one might say
that each of the swarthy damsels possesses a voice of her
own, gentle, solemn, harsh, or gay. The letter M (probably
deriving both its muttering sound and the wavy line of its
original graph from the sea) is always in evidence in descrip-
tion of murmurous noises. The letter S (which similarly
owes both shape and sound to the snake—*litera serpentina*,
as the Latin grammarians called it) is always prominent
where the description is of anything sibilant. Hence M (with
the related N) and S will nearly always prevail in descrip-
tions of the sea where you are meant to hear the hissing
splash of the spray and the deep murmur of the waves:

Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.

No more—no more—no more
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore).

So the letter B (with its related labials) and the letter L, which respectively suggest a bubbling and a lapping sound, will always be found together in descriptions of flowing streams :

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis æcum.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

The letter R will always prevail in reproductions of harsh noises :

*Ipsæ inter primos correpta dura bipenni
Limina perrumpit.*

Open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus.

But even the effect of single consonants is conditioned by literary associations. Thus there seems to be, in English, a lack of dignity about the letter J, despite the way it occurs in some beautiful words, and notably in several names of jewels. For, as it chanced, there are in our language so many words like jam, jingo, joke, jolly, juggler, jumble, and so many nicknames like Joe and Jack and Jerry and Judy, which carry a sense of something cheap, or common, or at the least of an undignified familiarity, and this has conveyed a vulgar taint to the initial letter. I think that Archbishop Trench has somewhere lamented that the initial H in Latin and the initial Yod in Hebrew have been so often transliterated by the letter J in English. Probably every one who has an ear, and gives the matter a moment's thought, will concur in the regret. How much more stately is Hierome than Jerome, and Hierusalem than Jerusalem !—the aspirated forms were once found in English. Imagine Hieropolis and hierophant and hierarchy disguised as Jeropolis and jerophant and jerarchy ! The thing is an outrage.

Thus, while the choice of words is mainly a matter of sound, it is always complicated by literary or colloquial associations. A word may have a dignified and beautiful character because it occurs in great passages of literature, and, when we hear it, there is a faint echo of some fine sentence in our minds; or it may suffer because of some ignoble usage in the ordinary life of men, from which we cannot dissociate it. But even here sound is not out of the reckoning, for the sound of the word had to do with its use in noble passages of poetry or prose in the first instance, and it is also true that there is a kind of instinct which generally prevents a word of fine sound being colloquially used of mean things.

Thus, to revert to some of the beautiful words already mentioned, how much of the charm of words like *forlorn* and *splendour* is due to associations with our English poets? '*Forlorn!* the very word is like a bell To toll me back from thee to my sole self!'; 'So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less *forlorn*'; 'Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art, Not in lone *splendour* hung aloft the night'; 'Thou art as Hesperus giving New *splendour* to the dead.'

Thus literary associations and mere sound are often almost inextricably associated in the charm and even in the subtler significance of a word. In the *Life of Tennyson* by his son (of all places in the world) there is a tragic misprint which illustrates this by way of the extraordinary effect produced by the change of a single vowel. Wordsworth's famous lines are quoted thus:

Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the furthest Hebrides.

Now the change from *a* to *u* destroys the whole effect of the line. Why? The answer is perhaps not quite so simple as it looks. It is mainly, no doubt, because the *a* in 'farthest' conveys a sense of distance by the mere fact that it is a long and open vowel, and to this extent it is merely a matter of sound; but is it not also partly because it associates the

word in our minds with 'far' in a way that 'furthest' does not? While 'furthest' means *ultimus* as much as 'farthest' does, it lacks both the sound which suggests long distances and also the association with the word which is most commonly used to describe such remoteness, and which itself does possess the appropriate sound. So in numberless cases mere sound and mental associations are involved alike, and almost inextricably.

But, precisely as words are simple units of speech but complex quantities of sound, so sentences, or groups of words, are units of significance, but still more complicated complexes of sound. So a chord in music is a complex of sound, but a musical phrase is a succession of chords, and not a mere succession, but a deliberate arrangement. That is to say (as regards sound alone), there are these two factors in a sentence—first, the words themselves, as words, each being a combination of sounds; and second, the sentence as a structure of words, the sentence being thus a combination of combinations of sounds. Since a word never stands by itself in literature, any more than a chord in music, it is obvious that the musical quality of a single word is conditioned by the presence and the order of every other word in the sentence. Thus a succession of words not in themselves unmusical may be distressing, or a happy combination of words not in themselves specially musical may become a singular harmony. This is naturally easier to illustrate on the side of failure than on that of success. Flaubert is said to have had sleepless nights over the discovery that he had inadvertently written of '*une couronne de fleurs d'oranger*.' Rousseau once violated the facts of history to avoid a banal repetition of sound and compared the Roman Senate to an assembly of two hundred kings, because his ear would not allow him to write '*trois cents rois*.'

But, while a mere succession of similar sounds may be distressingly monotonous, a modulated succession of like sounds may be delightful. Thus nothing is more hateful than

alliteration when it is excessive and patent, but probably every fine passage in literature depends upon a sort of masked and modified alliteration—the recurrence of the same sounds, sufficiently interrupted to escape monotony, yet sufficiently recurrent to create a cadence of which we are only half aware.

Almost any great passage of poetry will illustrate this thesis. Take the magnificent lines in which Coleridge apostrophizes Mont Blanc :

O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars !

On the face of it, these lines seem a very unfavourable example for the present purpose, because it is plain that (on the higher side of inspiration and impulse) what makes them great poetry is a quality of lofty and daring imagination, and it might be thought that the musical technique of the lines was a very negligible matter. But it is not, for a brief analysis will show that (disregarding phonetic refinements) half the consonants in the couplet represent practically four sounds, and that one-third of them represent two sounds, while two-thirds of the vowels represent two sounds, artfully set off by another at the beginning and almost immediately before the end. It is, in fact, a little symphony in dentals and sibilants, as far as the consonants are concerned, with alternating groups of two vowels all the way through, and with groups of different vowels, rounder and broader, as an initial and as a penultimate series. Let any one try to substitute other words for *struggling*, *darkness*, *visited*, *troops*, *stars*, and, even if the substituted words are as poetical in themselves—which is not in the least impossible—the harmony will be at once imperilled, and if the proportion of consonants and the order of vowels be much changed, it will be altogether lost. It is true that the lines would not be what they are but for the imaginative quality of the thought, but it is also true that they would not be what they are but for the musical quality of the words, and these are really

inseparable, as substance and form are always inseparable in a thing that is alive: they are only to be dissected in a mortuary analysis. 'Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie, Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.' It is where the beauty of the thought and the beauty of the word—that is to say, as regards the principal elements at least, beauty of imagination and beauty of sound—are instinctively and indissolubly fused together in the secret and vital process of the poet's mind that we have great poetry, and nowhere else.

Then when a regular succession of sounds has been established, because it is either musical in itself or significant in some other way, the sudden intrusion of a new sound, or a new series of sounds, may throw the original series into relief, like a discord in music which emphasizes a harmony. Johnson, in *The Lives of the Poets*, remarked of Pope: 'I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

Lo, where Macotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.' The reason, however, like the song the syrens sang, or the name that Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, is not beyond all conjecture. As Mr. Saintsbury once remarked, 'It is the tribrach that does it.' What pleased Pope was the slow movement of the lines, with their open vowels, which so well represents the sluggish movement of a half-frozen stream—that movement being saved from mere monotony, and at the same time emphasized, by the shorter, quicker syllables of the river's name, as the dull ripple caused by some obstruction interrupts the sluggish flow of the waters around it, and at the same time reveals that sluggishness.

Then, also, since every clause and every sentence must of necessity have an end (and in good writers sooner rather than later), it becomes a matter of importance to secure for every such succession of sounds a satisfying conclusion. It is related

in the *Journal des Goncourt* that Gautier once exclaimed: 'What do you think Flaubert said to me the other day?— "It is finished. I have another ten pages to write, but I have got all my phrase-endings" ' ('J'ai toutes mes chutes de phrases'). The method was no doubt fantastic, but the instinct was sound, for an end is even more important than a beginning; it is almost inevitably in the nature of a climax, though it may be a very minor one. This is the justification for that very elementary rule of composition which the schoolmaster defined (and innocently illustrated) when he told his pupils that 'a preposition is a very bad word to end a sentence with.' Why? Because an unimportant word like a preposition, which does not usually carry any particular emphasis when it comes at the end, leaves the sentence hanging loose, flabby, dishevelled. It has been pointed out how, in the magnificent paragraph from the *Areopagitica*, the effect is greatly increased by the nature of the close. 'I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.' A moment's scrutiny will show that the dentals which end the last five words seem to clinch the sentence like repeated blows with a hammer.

Such are some of the main factors, as it appears to us, in the technique of English style. It is true enough, of course, that a great writer does not think about the laws of style when he is writing, any more than an inspired musician thinks of the rules of harmony when he is in the act of composition. But the rules are there, though he observes and illustrates them instinctively. There are canons of style, after all, which are not artificial or arbitrary rules, but natural principles—'Those laws of old discovered, not devised, Are nature still, but nature methodized.' And most of them depend primarily upon sound and association.

HENRY BETT.

MYSTERY IN RELIGION

MYSTERY, like romance, is a word which the jargon of modern journalism has done its best to wear down and debase. Just as the engagement of an actress to a peer is inevitably a 'stage romance,' so any event, however trivial, which poses a problem, however temporary, will be dignified by the name of a mystery. And because the word is used so vaguely and carelessly, to claim that no religion can be healthy and vigorous in which mystery does not retain an essential place would be to court misunderstanding, unless an attempt is made at the outset to disengage the term from certain suggestions conveyed in its common usage. A verbal issue here, as so often, is but one aspect of a question of interpretation that is not merely verbal. In pleading that a word is commonly misused, we are pleading that the reality of which it should be the name is too often misprized.

By the word mystery, then, we shall not merely mean a secret withheld for a time from certain people, even if this was the original significance of the word, as well as being its common contemporary usage. The *μυστήριον* proclaimed an experience that should be revealed to a privileged company of select votaries. Hidden from the *profanum vulgus*, it was to be disclosed to the initiate. But a 'mystery' that *can* be thus divulged is not mystery in the fullest sense. We must mean, not something that may be esoterically known, but something that cannot be known at all. The word points in the direction of our inexorable human ignorance, not to contingent or eventual understanding. Nor yet is everything 'unknowable' or 'inexplicable' appropriately to be named a mystery. The nature of the geography of the invisible lunar hemisphere; the explanation of the total disappearance of the great Minoan civilization—such questions suggest,

humanly speaking, insoluble problems ; but the ' unknowable ' is here definitely located and circumscribed. The facts, however unascertainable, which would answer these unanswerable questions, are of a known *sort*. They would fill a lacuna in our knowledge ; they do not point, as it were, beyond its borders.

When we are aware of an insoluble problem, it is the fact that is unknowable ; its import may not be ' beyond all conjecture.' When we are conscious of a mystery, the bare fact may be familiar ; it is the import, the meaning and value, which is incomprehensible, and it is yet our consciousness of such import that constitutes the essence of the experience. It is in this sense that we inevitably speak of the mystery of time, the mystery of self-consciousness, the mystery of evil, and (for some reason less frequently) the mystery of goodness. Hence, while the insoluble problem is baffling merely to the intellect, the experience of mystery implies a fuller and more comprehensive response of our whole nature. It comes home to us in a different way. A felt mystery may excite or thrill and exalt, or haunt and beset, or even appal ; it will not merely puzzle or perplex us.

It is for mystery, then, thus interpreted, that we would claim an essential place in any religion that is to be really alive. The religious experience must include the consciousness of an incomprehensible and unknowable, that is yet apprehended as of infinite moment and meaning. Religious faith must indeed offer much more than this, for it cannot ignore the demand of the intellect ; what we worship must be regarded as fundamental truth, not merely a supreme enigma. In fact, the living religion must somehow be at once ' a faith that inquires ' and a consciousness of significance and import beyond inquiry. If it denies mystery, religion is stifled ; if it relies only on mystery, it is starved.

To plead thus for mystery in religion is not to plead the cause of mysticism—an unnecessary task enough to-day. For the special claim on behalf of the mystic is not that he

is more conscious of mystery than others ; but that, on the contrary, his experience has a uniquely revealing and illuminating character. The mystic is an initiate, though not by way of cult and ritual. He proclaims access to knowledge, though not by the ordinary ways of knowledge. The consciousness of mystery certainly may be, perhaps always is, correspondingly heightened in the experience of the mystic ; but it is not peculiar to him. In that arid eighteenth century to which reference will be made below, and in which such consciousness becomes so faint, two unrepresentative men manifest it palpably, Joseph Butler and William Law ; and of these, if the one was a man of rare mystical endowment, the other had little or nothing of the mystic about him.

If we turn to those first beginnings of religion in human history of which the sophisticated modern knows really so little, but is ready to affirm so much, I do not think the importance—here indeed the altogether predominant importance—of mystery will be disputed. Before religion can be at all, as Mr. Hocking so penetratingly says,¹ there must have been ‘ a knowledge of ignorance . . . the first warning note, sending its premonitory shudder through the frame of human values.’ ‘ But the knowledge of ignorance is of itself no religious experience. Religion is bound up in the difference between the sense of ignorance and the sense of mystery ; the former means : “ I know not ” ; the latter means : “ I know not, but *it is known*.” And I dare say that man first realizes his ignorance only in so far as he becomes conscious of mystery ; the negative side of his experience is made possible by some prior recognition of a positive being on the other side of his limitation.’

This surely is admirably put. The religious ‘ sense of mystery ’ is something intensely *positive* ; and I would only repeat that from the first it must have conveyed a sense of *value*. ‘ I know not, but it is known, and momentarily worth knowing ! ’

¹ *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*, pp. 235 ff.

But my concern is not with remote origins so much as with religion as it is. It would be common ground to maintain that as the religious consciousness develops, what is at first *mere* mystery becomes something—some one rather—as well. But does the object of worship cease to be mysterious because better understood and interpreted to man's increasing insight? Is the God of Isaiah less mysterious than the God of Genesis? This is where divergence of standpoint meets us.

(1) One view—that of the rationalizer—urges that the element of mystery is surely one that plays a diminishing part as religion develops. God is less and less apprehended as *Deus Ignotus*, *Deus Absconditus*; more and more we must interpret Him in terms of our rational understanding and rational purpose, as Truth, as Providence. The survival of mystery in religion inevitably (according to this view) makes for superstition and obscurantism, which, indeed, are its exploitation.

(2) The other standpoint is emphatic on the contrary side. Precisely in so far as mystery is eliminated from it, religion itself is endangered. 'A comprehended God is no God at all.' A religion without mystery may do admirable service, but it will hardly be *religion*; it will be an amorphous amalgam of philosophy, social service, ethical idealism, and sentiment. Once we lose our realization of mystery we are on the way to lose the very essence of religion as a specific experience.

The opposing points have here been put in a crude and extreme form. And it may be reasonably asked: How can there really be any dispute in the matter? Can any one really have denied that God is beyond human comprehension? And can any one really have denied that, if God is to be anything but a name, He must be in some sense known, must be more than a mere mysterious unknowable? How can there be a place for either extremist when the two extremes cancel one another out as both being so manifestly at variance

with the presuppositions of religion? Yet the opposition is not an unreal or merely theoretical one. It recurs repeatedly, both within and beyond the frontiers of the Christian tradition; and perhaps it can be illustrated most clearly by comparing the contrasted tempers of the criticism of orthodox Christianity which we may regard as characteristic respectively of eighteenth-century deism and nineteenth-century agnosticism.

It was in 1696 that a certain John Toland sounded the challenge to orthodoxy with his book, *Christianity not Mystrious*. The sub-title might almost be called the programme of the movement known as deism: 'A treatise showing that there is nothing in the gospel contrary to Reason nor above it: and that no Christian doctrine can be properly called a mystery.' Just short of a hundred years later—in 1794—Thomas Paine produced his *Age of Reason*, which may be termed the latest and most defiant restatement of deism in an age when it was already becoming obsolete.

In the intervening century the deists had put up a vigorous and plucky fight in a cause that not only offered them no worldly prospect, but laid them open to odium and even mild persecution. They were a minority; they were unpopular; and the weight of learning, respectability, and personality were all on the side of their opponents. For these reasons alone one can hardly withhold one's sympathy from them. Yet it is impossible, on the other hand, to give it wholeheartedly. Though their protest was by no means without value, there is something repellent about the deist temper and mentality—a narrowness and dryness and blindness—which does much to exasperate and alienate us.

Deism was not a system of theology so much as an attempt to show that theology is unnecessary, and, indeed, pernicious; and such an attempt was clearly doomed to fail. But this should not conceal the value that was in the deist contention. For them—and there was some justification for such a view

—the proclamation of Christian doctrines as mysteries meant a denial of the *right* of the reason, of the thinking mind, as well as a denial of its *competence*. It meant, in particular, the maintaining of a fortress and arsenal from which every sort of bigotry and intolerance might be defended. They had, no doubt, the searing memory of the hatreds and persecutions of a generation back constantly in mind, and much of their fervour must have been due to this remembered effect upon *practice* of an assertion of 'mystery' by a hierarchy with almost a vested interest in intolerance and obscurantism, and obstinately insistent on its privileges. Thus in claiming, in the words of one of their chief spokesmen, Matthew Tindal, that 'nothing can be a part of religion but what is founded on the nature and reason of things,' the deists were on the side of human enlightenment and the rights of the mind. They were claiming that religion must not be *made into* a mystery; or that we must not *make a mystery* of religion. This was a real service, but unfortunately the deists were themselves blind to a truth of equal importance—that, if it is disastrous to make a mystery of religion, it is no less so to see no religious value in the consciousness of mystery. For the deists—in this not at all untypical of their century—seem to have no realization of the meaning of mystery at all; they do not seem susceptible, if we may so put it, to the mysteriousness of a mystery, even when they admit it to be one.

Thus Toland, who is arguing that, unless we are prepared to admit *any* object to be 'above reason' and a 'mystery,' then none of the matters with which religion is concerned is so:

'If out of a *pertinacious* or worse humour they will still be *fooling*, and call these things (viz. grass, fish, flesh, &c.) mysteries, I'm willing to admit as many as they please in religion, if they will allow me likewise to make mine as intelligible to others as these are to me.'

The glib, off-hand tone of this is not to be missed, and

about all such admissions there is something singularly imperceptive and unsatisfying. The deist professes to acknowledge mystery as a fact, but he is blind to it as import, it does not come home to him, it is not *felt* through and through, and hence his acknowledgement is a mere abstract concession, which has no religious significance. We have only to contrast such statements with the utterances on the same theme of men like Traherne, in the generation before Toland, or Carlyle, in the generation after Paine, behind which there is a thrill of profoundly felt response to the value as well as to the fact.

In this one-sidedness, this opaqueness of mind, the deists, unpopular as they were in the religious thought of the eighteenth century, were in fact very representative of the temper of that age of rationalism. The subtlest intellect of that century puts it very typically. 'When we see,' says Hume, in the Introduction to his *Treatise on Human Nature*, 'that we have arrived at the utmost extent of human reason, we *sit down contented*.' But such a temper of bland complacency in face of mystery means an incapacity for awe, and therefore for reverence, which is awe transmuted. And it is this incapacity for reverence, not any untruth in its positive affirmations, that makes the deist substitute for Christianity so sorry and barren a thing.

Precisely, then, what is, on the whole, wanting in the 'religiosity' (to use that ugly but convenient term), the religious mind and temper of the eighteenth century, is a sense of mystery—felt home, and not simply acknowledged in an abstract way. The exceptions are the sort that prove the rule, for they are men who were, like William Law and Joseph Butler, unrepresentative and comparatively uninfluential among their contemporaries.

Between the rationalism of the eighteenth century and the agnosticism of the Victorian age comes that renaissance named so inadequately 'the romantic movement.' 'The Renaissance of Wonder' one eminent literary critic has

more aptly termed it. It were better to say 'the rebirth of mystery.' For 'wonder' may denote rather that renewed interest in, and appreciation of, common things and simple experiences which may inspire naturalistic science as well as poetry; and the example of Carlyle is enough to show that this sort of 'wonder' may be deficient where there is an extreme responsiveness to mystery. This renaissance was, further, far more than an artistic or literary movement. It meant, as in the contemporary Germany of Schleiermacher, a real revival of religion. And with all this in mind we turn to a typical exponent of the 'rationalist' critical mind of the mid-nineteenth century; and we find an entirely opposite attitude to religion to that of the deist—of Hume or Paine.

In 1863, Herbert Spencer wrote his *First Principles*, which begins with his famous attempt to reconcile science and religion. It has long been the fashion to ridicule Spencer, and, indeed, few figures lend themselves so easily to ridicule—or pity. But his views in this instance have perhaps been not quite fairly treated.

They seem at first to involve the opposite sort of one-sidedness to that already considered. It was the just protest of the deist that religion must not be turned into mystery; his error was in giving no place to mystery in religion. Spencer, on the other hand, seems to want to turn mystery into religion, or to confine religion to experience of mystery. The deists would drive the 'unknowable' out of religion as being irrelevant to it; Spencer, the agnostic, derives religion precisely from, and confines it to, the consciousness of the 'unknowable'; it is the known that is irrelevant. Truly a fatal severance, and a view that strangely misconceives the nature of religion. Yet, as even an error may be unfairly caricatured, it may be well to state Spencer's position rather more carefully before criticizing it.

Spencer holds that the fundamental truth of religion, which underlies all the fantastic superstructures of myth and

dogma (as he thought them), is its insistence upon mystery. This has become more and more essential to religion as it progresses; it is the element which grows more distinct the more highly religion is developed. And for Spencer it amounts to the assertion of the fact that the final understanding of the world is for ever beyond our comprehension, that all our knowledge is relative, and 'that all science reposes upon a basis of nescience—absolute mystery.'

And just as, the further religion progresses, the more (he maintains) this element comes into the forefront, so, the further science develops, the more omnipresent and insistent the fact of mystery becomes. The more we can explain, the more the mass of sheer brute fact which we are implicitly admitting to be inexplicable. The inexplicable, in short, is not that which lies beyond the constantly advancing frontiers of science, an unexplored hinterland or residuum. Science, as it expands and extends its boundaries, simply adds mystery to mystery. Hence the scientific and the religious are not competing 'spheres of influence,' in the sense that the gain of one must be the loss of the other. 'Though [in Spencer's words] as knowledge approaches its culmination [!], every unaccountable and seemingly supernatural fact is brought into the category of facts that are accountable and natural, yet at the same time all accountable or natural facts are *proved to be* in their ultimate genesis unaccountable and supernatural. And so, while our consciousness of nature under one aspect (viz. its knowableness) constitutes science, our consciousness of it under another aspect (its mystery) constitutes religion.'

Such a passage suggests that it is unfair to represent Spencer as dividing up reality into the two watertight compartments of the knowable (phenomena) and the unknowable, and assigning religion to the latter. We may remember Mr. Bradley's malicious comment in a page and footnote in *Appearance and Reality*. He puts Spencer's position as: 'We may even naïvely felicitate ourselves on

total estrangement, and rejoice that at last utter ignorance has removed every scruple which impeded religion. Where we know nothing, we can have no possible objection to worship'; and he adds in a footnote that Spencer's view 'seems a proposal to take something for God simply and solely because we do not know what the devil it can be.'

Spencer may have lent himself to this sort of caricature, but I do not think it is, on the whole, fair; and the same in a less degree may perhaps be said of the criticism of Ward in his famous Gifford Lectures (*Naturalism and Agnosticism*). The two strands, naturalistic science and agnostic religion (if we may use such an expression), are not just added together for Spencer, but intimately interfused.

At the same time, I think there is some justice in a recent comment of Mr. Santayana that Spencer calls the tremendous ultimate reality 'the unknowable' 'partly perhaps in reverence, and partly in haste to be done with reverence and to come to business.' Spencer's interest was not primarily in religion or the philosophy of religion, and though, as his autobiography makes evident, he was not wholly apathetic or insusceptible to the pressure of the religious problem, still he was mainly concerned to 'get to business,' and in such a temper justice can hardly be done to the significance of religion. In short, it is a fair criticism of such a view as this of Spencer's that, even where he professes to find an object for the religious consciousness—that is, an object of worship—we are not assured that it comes home to him as such at all. He acknowledges the mystery once more as *fact*; does he appreciate and respond to its *import*? Certainly we can detect very little, if any, of the *reverberation* of that acknowledgement such as thrills through the utterance of Carlyle, where, for all his turgidity and rhetoric, the religious sense of mystery is not only reborn but insurgent.

But the chief defect we have to note is that such a view as Spencer's would seem to ignore as irrelevant to religion

¹ *Appearance and Reality* (2nd Ed.), p. 128.

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not only the whole world of practice and social relationship (for with these it may be said his argument was not concerned), but also the whole life of reason and the conviction won from expanding knowledge. His spheres of 'known' and 'unknowable' are not fairly, as I have suggested, presented as two *sections* into which reality is divided; they are rather two *aspects* which reality possesses. But, this granted, we ask: Has not religion, then, any use for, or any need of, reality *qua* known? The scientific attitude and approval is, of course, not the same as the religious attitude; that is obvious. But has not the substance of scientific and historical *achievement* no direct religious significance? The 'argument from design,' for instance, may have often been presented crudely and uncritically; and at best it only gives us a part of what the religious consciousness needs, just because it is an argument and makes its appeal to the reason. But it is one thing to admit this insufficiency; it is another to suppose that religion cannot—for, indeed, it must!—find confirmatory meaning in the activities and achievements of man's reason, in what he has *discovered* in the realm of nature or history, and in so far removed out of the region of mystery. We shall agree with a review in *The Times Literary Supplement*: 'Even the ordinary man recognizes to-day that the laws of nature and the operations of the mind discovering them must be a part of religion, if religion is to be true.'

I have considered two opposite errors and 'one-sidednesses,' as exemplified by notable phases of thought in the past. Both seem to me equally disastrous to religion. Christianity is impoverished if our interpretation of it is infected with either. One might adapt Kant's famous dictum about perception and conception, and say: 'Religion without rationality is empty; without mystery it is blind.' Or, to take a metaphor I have already used, we might compare the former to the food we need both to live and to

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grow and to do, and without which we starve ; the latter to the atmosphere we require to breathe, and without which we are suffocated.

With this insistence on the necessity in a religious and Christian *Weltanschauung* of both these apparently opposite elements, I turn in conclusion to glance at one or two representative standpoints to-day.

A man must be very bold or very wise who attempts a diagnosis of his own age, and I am making no such attempt. One is certainly conscious of too many diverse cross-currents and eddies of thought and mood for any single movement to be regarded as *the* characteristic of the time. But prominent among the rest one can, I think, notice contemporary expression of both the partial standpoints I have been considering ; and both seem to be the outcome of the mood of disillusionment, the 'failure of nerve' (as Professor Gilbert Murray would perhaps call it), the sense of frustration, that has followed as a natural reaction to the war. Thus we have on the one hand an agnosticism which seems to have lost altogether the inspiration of the mystery which it theoretically acknowledges. The standpoint of intellectuals such as Mr. Aldous Huxley, for instance, with regard to the religious claims, might be summed up, *not* as : 'I know not and cannot know ; yet it is known and of tremendous import,' but as : 'I know not and cannot know, and therefore am not going to care.' In the presence of mystery, if he does not (like Hume) 'sit down contented,' yet neither does he bow his head ; he turns away with a shrug. The infinite and unknowable reality appears to evoke, not reverence, but indifference. And though there is nothing of the jaunty, cocksure rationalism of an older day about this attitude, but a wholesome bewilderment and perplexity and misgiving, it does not in many cases seem to be like those 'blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized,' which we feel may be a genuine expression of religious experience.

On the other hand, there is the opposite tendency, not less a natural outcome of post-war disillusionment with the achievements of civilization and distrust of human reasonableness, of which the most forcible expression is perhaps the strange theological movement led by the Swiss theologian, Karl Barth. Here, so far as I understand the matter, we have a tendency, which, if uncorrected, would almost reduce religion to the overwhelming consciousness of a God utterly alien and inaccessible to man, wholly 'mysterious' in His nature. But, if I am right in claiming that to be conscious of mystery is to be conscious of a reality 'unknowable' but *meaningful*, it will be clear that such entire and exclusive stressing of the divine 'otherness' will defeat its own purpose. In the end it will cease to evoke any response in us at all, for 'God,' so presented as *wholly* 'other,' wholly inaccessible, has thereby become *irrelevant* to man.

These attributes are representative of the mind of to-day, but I do not claim they will prove to be the *most* representative, or that these tendencies will turn out to be the dominant and most influential ones. But they illustrate sufficiently well the matter under consideration, and drive home the moral—that to separate these two sides of the religious experience is to impoverish, and, indeed, to endanger, our religion. But how can they be reconciled and retained in harmony, if we are true to Christianity? How can the God of worship be at once known as a Friend and unknowable as Mystery?

Perhaps there is some assistance in the experience of ordinary human friendship. We know a friend, yet his unique individuality remains secret and mysterious to us; we know (or may know) ourself, yet we may also, must also, stand awed, as St. Augustine was, by what Newman called, in one of his sermons, 'the mysteriousness of our present state' and the mystery of selfhood. But, however this may be, the reconciliation has to be attempted, the two elements maintained in a living unity. And this is, after all, but one

case out of many in which Christianity displays its character as a religion of paradox. But let us remember what this may mean. A paradox is not always a truth standing on its head to attract attention. Its contradictory, paradoxical character may simply be due to our unfamiliarity with truths whole and entire. Perhaps it is that we are so inveterately used to thinking half-truths and living half-truths, our minds have become so fitted and adapted to the accommodation of half-truths, that a whole truth threatens to split them. Or it may be we are used to admitting both halves of the truth, but only one at a time and in turn ; and we recoil when we confront it in its sudden entirety. But Christianity insists again and again on the whole, with its two aspects apparently contradictory, really complementary, combined into one ; on the service that is perfect freedom ; the life that is saved by being abandoned ; the sin that somehow, while not ceasing to be sin, becomes a means of grace ; the immanent that is also transcendent ; the divine that is also human. These paradoxes are indeed themselves mysteries, and it is but one paradox the more that their mysteriousness is not felt any the less because our minds approve them as true. It is but one paradox the more that the God 'in knowledge of whom' 'stands,' not only 'our eternal life,' but the ultimate reasonableness and interpretability of experience in this life, remains Himself a mystery beyond all our understanding.

JOHN W. HARVEY.

HENRY CLAY: A STUDY IN DISAPPOINTMENT

IT is impossible to study the annals of the United States without recognizing what a baneful influence the ambition to be President of the Republic has had upon the lives of many American statesmen. The office of supreme magistrate has been a political will-o'-the-wisp hovering deceptively before many great men and leading them to a sad waste of life. 'The road to that shining summit of political glory,' says Schurz, 'is strewn with broken hearts and shattered hopes.' High-minded Americans who, but for this ambition, would have had consistent and useful careers, have failed because the eager desire to secure the great prize led them to make unworthy compromises and dubious alliances and weak surrenders. Over and over again it has been shown that the bold course, adopted because it was believed to be right and without regard to consequences, would have been vastly more successful in attaining the object which was sought.

A striking instance of a life rendered unhappy to its possessor, and disappointing in its end, by the ambition to be President is that of Henry Clay. In America, Clay is regarded as one of the greatest sons of the Republic, and his career is one of those that are specially studied in schools and classes of history. Lincoln described him as 'the beau-ideal of a statesman.' He was one of the greatest orators in what is called the Golden Age of American oratory, and played a most important rôle on the political stage of America for nearly half a century. Even Claude Bowers, whose delightful books are awakening a fresh interest in the past history of the Republic, has admitted, in spite of his hostility to Clay, that he was the most consummate of politicians and one of the most eloquent of men.

Clay has the great merit among American statesmen of being interesting. To the British student most of the great

figures of the United States lack romance and picturesqueness when compared with those of the older countries of Europe. Many of them were reared in the rough life of agricultural communities, and some of the most eminent had hardly any education at all. They lacked in their formative years the opportunities of intellectual intercourse, and those influences exercised by ancient and cultured civilizations that make a really educated man and that no amount of solitary reading can supply. John Quincy Adams complained that in his time almost all the eminent men of the United States were only half educated.

The American politicians could not be expected to have, and are not to be blamed for not having, the picturesque qualities that are found in British statesmen like Pitt and Canning and Disraeli. Education at ancient and renowned universities and schools, familiarity with the classics and the associations of scholarship, the habit of refined and polished society, invest British statesmen with an atmosphere that could not exist in so new a country as the United States was in the first half of the nineteenth century. Moreover, the pageantry of aristocracy and kingship give colour and romance to politics and political personalities. How dull and drab are the republican statesmen of modern France beside the men depicted by the Duc de Saint-Simon. Some feeling of this kind must have actuated Roosevelt when he wrote of Alexander Hamilton, who traced his descent from an ancient and noble family that had played a great part in Scottish history. Hamilton, said Roosevelt, had that 'touch of the purple' that made his personality especially attractive to American republicans.

Clay stands out in being romantic and picturesque. He had a dash and fire, a chivalrous gallantry and a magnetic fascination that made him the centre of a legend. 'He was, indeed, in the political field,' says his best biographer, Schurz, 'the *preux chevalier*, marshalling his hosts, sounding his bugle blasts, and plunging first into the fight, and with

proud admiration his followers called him "the gallant Harry of the West." Apart from his achievements, which were concerned with problems that are now dead as cold ashes, he had the kind of personality that makes his life worth studying. General Smuts has suggested that the most important science of the future will be the study of human personality, and he has even suggested a name for this science, personology. The real interest of a statesman's life will be the inner life, and not the record of burnt-out controversies and questions that have lost all interest with the passage of time. Clay was eminently a man of the temperamental type, entirely human, strong and yet streaked with weaknesses, endowed with many qualities that interest and attract.

Clay was born in Virginia in 1777, and so, as an infant, had heard the guns of the Revolution. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and started life, according to his own statement, 'with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life.' He managed, however, to acquire a knowledge of the Law in the office of Chancellor Wythe, in which Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall had also been students, and in 1797 he was licensed to practise as a lawyer. He established himself, not in his native State, but at Lexington in Kentucky, where he acquired a high reputation as an orator and an advocate. In 1806, while still short of thirty, he entered the Senate for a short term, and again in 1809. In 1811 he entered the House of Representatives, and was almost immediately elected Speaker.

Clay strongly advocated the war of 1812-15 with Great Britain, hurling invectives, not only at the enemy country, but at those Americans who shrank from bloodshed and battle. He and Calhoun, from their eagerness, became known as 'the War Hawks.' The contest was an inglorious one, and Clay, who, with four others, went to Ghent to negotiate a peace, garnered no laurels for himself or his

country. The war had one result which, if Clay had only known it, was going to be disastrous to his own ambition. The battle of New Orleans, at which the British troops were defeated, brought forth Andrew Jackson as a war hero. Three times this soldier was to baulk Clay in his efforts to reach the White House.

In 1818 the question of slavery came prominently to the front, and from that time onwards threw a sinister shadow over the career of Clay. It hung like a thunder-cloud over the world of American politics, sometimes denser and blacker than at other times, but always there, until it broke in the great struggle between North and South. The difficulty about slavery in 1818 arose in connexion with the petition of Missouri to be admitted into the Union as a State. The rights and wrongs of the matter are not worth writing about now. Suffice it to say that the matter was settled in 1821 by a compromise which Clay did much to bring about. The great object of the compromisers was to prevent the clash of opposing interests and keep the question of slavery from being pushed into prominence. Clay received the name of the Great Pacificator in recognition of his efforts for peace.

In 1822 he was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. He was extremely anxious to secure the prize, and urged and pressed his friends and supporters into the fray. The election resulted in none of the four candidates having a clear majority, Clay being at the bottom of the list. As there was no clear majority, the election of President devolved upon the House of Representatives. Clay was deeply chagrined and disappointed at his place in the ballot, but, as his name, being fourth, could not be presented to the House, according to the Constitutional rule, he had the satisfaction of deciding, by the allocation of the votes which he commanded, who should be elected to the Presidency. He gave his decision in favour of John Quincy Adams, who had come second in the original ballot.

The supporters of Andrew Jackson, who had come first in the ballot, were furious, and a report was circulated that a bargain had been made between Adams and Clay that the latter was to have the office of Secretary of State as a reward for making Adams President. This statement was quite untrue, and was promptly and emphatically denied. Clay was always averse to bargains and intrigues, and was not the kind of man to make an agreement of this sort. But unfortunately Clay gave force to the rumour by actually becoming Secretary of State. From that time onwards the charge of 'bargain and corruption' pursued him to the grave and darkened the rest of his public life. At election after election he denied and refuted it. But he could never explain it away and never live it down.

From the time of his first nomination for the Presidency onward Clay kept his eyes fixed on the great prize, and steered the whole course of his life with a view to securing it. The microbe of the presidential disease got into his soul. He regarded himself as always having the first claim on his Party, and resented any insinuations that any other member of it could make a better candidate. He got into the habit of asking not what was right, but what was expedient, and compromised with his convictions in the hope of gaining his end. He once said that he would rather be right than be President, but his actions did not always square with this lofty dictum. For over thirty years he hunted the shadow in an eager pursuit that made his public life restless and unhappy, and threw him at times into an agony of hope and fear. 'No one can study Clay's career,' says Schurz, 'without feeling that he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never coveted the glittering prize. When such an ambition becomes chronic it will be but too apt to unsettle the character and darken the existence of those afflicted with it by confusing their appreciation of all else.'

In 1825, Adams stood for a second time, but was defeated by General Andrew Jackson. The alleged corrupt bargain

between Adams and Clay was exploited to the full by the supporters of Jackson, and did Clay much harm in the minds of the electors in spite of all denials. Clay was deeply mortified by the success of Jackson. Each of the three preceding Presidents—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—had had a second term and been succeeded by his Secretary of State. Clay had expected that John Quincy Adams would have been re-elected for a second term, and that, as former Secretary of State, he himself would have followed. The success of Jackson broke the secretarial succession, and wounded Clay to the quick. It is reported that callers at his house after the election were shocked at the alteration in his looks, and found him much thinner, very pale, his eyes sunk in his head, and his countenance sad and melancholy.

Jackson stood for a second time, and Clay was nominated as candidate against him. The result was lamentable for Clay. He got forty-nine votes against two hundred and nineteen for Jackson. When Martin van Buren, who was practically a nominee of Jackson, was put forward at the next election, in 1836, Clay prudently refrained from coming forward. He had by this time realized the strength of the imperious old soldier.

In 1839, Clay was again anxious to contest the Presidency, and his name was brought before the Whig Party Convention for nomination as Whig candidate. To his great indignation he failed to secure it. An unknown soldier of moderate ability, whose only qualification was service in the Indian wars, was selected in preference to the brilliant statesman and orator who had been the idol of the nation for over thirty years. Clay gave way to paroxysms of fury when he received the news of his defeat. He had become increasingly imperious and dictatorial as he grew older, and it is said by one of his biographers, 'his rage was terrible, like the anger of a God.' He knew that if he had been nominated by his Party he would certainly have been elected President. 'My friends,' he exclaimed, 'are not worth the powder and

shot it would take to kill them.' And again, 'If there were two Henry Clays, one of them would make the other President of the United States.' He lamented, 'I am the most unfortunate man in the history of Parties, always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I or any one would be sure of an election.'

With the fatal propensity to say, not what he believed to be right, but what he thought would help him in his election, he had defended slavery in a speech designed to secure the votes of the South. This was partly what led to his rejection and to the choice of Harrison. It is probable that the knowledge that he had paltered with his convictions, without gaining anything by it, increased the rage with which he heard that he had been passed over.

The resentment of Clay was partly vented in his bearing towards his successful rival. Harrison, of course, knew himself to be the lesser man. In September 1839 he had written to Clay, 'I can only say that my position in relation to yourself is to me distressing and embarrassing,' and he continued, 'A few years ago I could not have believed in the possibility of my being placed in a position of apparent rivalry to you, particularly in relation to the Presidency, an office which I never dreamed of attaining, and which I ardently desired to see you occupy.' Clay was so imperious to Harrison that the latter, in spite of his modesty, said, 'You forget, Mr. Clay, that I am President,' and told Clay to send in writing any suggestions he desired to make. Further complications, however, were obviated by the death of the President a month after his election.

In 1842, Clay retired from the Senate and took formal leave with a dramatic splendour and amid demonstrations of admiration that are hard to realize in these days. His retirement did not quench the ambition that had haunted his life. In May 1844 the Whig National Convention at Baltimore nominated him as candidate for the Presidency. An obscurity named James K. Polk was put up as his opponent. So

little was he known that the principal argument of the Whigs was the question, 'Who is Polk?' At first the campaign went with great verve and swing, but gradually it began to slacken. Again Clay fell into his old blunder of trying to please the slaveholders of the South by writing letters reflecting on the abolitionists, and in the end he was defeated. There had been a universal expectation that Clay would be elected, and the news of his failure stunned the nation. There was universal lamentation. Women wept and men gathered in groups at village corners and spoke in whispers. Everybody felt as if a great wrong had been done. Orth, in his account of Clay, expresses the view that probably no national event has had such a distressing effect upon the popular imagination, except only the assassination of Lincoln.

When the election of 1848 approached, Clay again announced that he wished to stand. Even his best friends feared for his chances now. John Crittenden, a true friend of his and an able man, said, 'I prefer Clay to all men for the Presidency, but my conviction, my involuntary conviction, is that he cannot be elected.' General Zachary Taylor, a soldier who had made a reputation in the Mexican War, was put up against him. Although he was attached to no Party and had never voted in his life, he was nominated as candidate at the Whig Convention in preference to Clay. Taylor got a hundred and eleven votes on the first ballot, and Clay ninety-seven. On the fourth ballot Taylor had a hundred and seventy-one and Clay thirty-two. For the first time Clay's own State, Kentucky, deserted him. At first he was violently angry at the turn things were taking, and then, when he heard Kentucky was turning against him, he was grieved and humiliated.

The last days of Clay were troubled by the fear of the disruption of the Republic over the question of slavery. In 1850 he was mainly instrumental in bringing about a compromise between the opponents and supporters of slavery, which had the merit of postponing the great struggle for ten

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years. The truce enabled the feeling of nationality in the rapidly developing United States to grow and to transform the nation into a permanent political entity. It enabled the North to acquire the population and the strength that was to secure for it the ultimate victory. In 1851 Clay was asked to let his name go forward again for the Presidency, but this time he refused. The end of his labours had come. His health was broken and he was seventy-four years of age. On June 29, 1852, he died.

Clay had a remarkably attractive nature. Dickens described him as a 'perfectly enchanting and irresistible man.' Perhaps no American statesman ever possessed so fascinating a personality or was loved with such devotion as he. He had the same ability to inspire a romantic political attachment as was afterwards shown by James J. Blaine and Theodore Roosevelt. In social charm he was quite unrivalled, and is described by Winthrop as having the genial, jaunty air of Lord Palmerston. As an orator he had amazing power and success, and was second only to Webster. He succeeded in acquiring a marvellous mastery of his audiences. He was absolute master of every mood of oratory : pathos, satire, humour, passion, wrath. The effect of his words on the multitude was miraculous. 'They wept,' says Orth, 'they shouted for joy, they wrung their hands in grief, they tossed their hats in the air in deliriums of frenzy.' They would listen with death-like stillness to his whispers, and would respond to his thunders with yells and shrieks. 'The tales that are related of his triumphs,' says Orth, 'seem more fitted for the pages of the *Arabian Nights* than the prosaic record of American politics.'

This wonderful power was not the result of words or logic or sentiment. Clay's speeches are tame and heavy to read nowadays, and do not justify in themselves the extraordinary effect they produced. Their effect was secured by delivery and force of personality. Clay had all the physical advantages required to give the greatest effect to oratory. His

figure was impressive and commanding, and his gesticulation was natural, vivid, large, and powerful. His voice was musical and could command every pitch. It had great carrying powers and was under perfect control. To it might be applied the words used by Lord Lytton of the voice of Daniel O'Connell :

To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went ;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled ;
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.

Clay, although a great orator, had no learning, and his utterances are marked by superficial research and half knowledge. He was not a thinker or an originator of ideas. His mind was broad and shallow, not profound or logical. He was ignorant of the classics and of literature generally. The ease with which he outshone, as a speaker, men of vastly greater attainments and learning made him trust to his eloquence to make up for his shortcomings in culture and scholarship. His grandson, Mr. T. H. Clay, says in his biography that there were in existence the most elaborate collections of notes and quotations which he made for some of his principal speeches. One would not gather this from the speeches. He did not quote from the great writers. He once desired a friend to copy out Shakespeare's words,

What's in a name ? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

But he could not find the paper when he wanted to use the quotation, and exclaimed, ' A rose will smell the same, call it what you will.'

As a Party chief Clay lacked political insight and judgment. He had initiative, but he had no discretion. He was inspired by impulse rather than reason. At times he refused to recognize the real issues that interested the nation, and persisted in dwelling on issues that were obsolete. He

thought people were applauding his views when they were only applauding his eloquence. He spoke when he should have been silent, and wrote letters, in crises, which he ought not to have written. He was needlessly bitter towards opponents and made foes that there was no need to make. He forgot the maxim that one ought to treat enemies as if they might one day be friends, and friends as if they might one day be enemies. His own hostility to Jackson was largely responsible for the rough soldier's unsparing malignity that did so much harm to Clay himself. In some respects Clay was too fine for his work. He would not comply with the conditions under which American politicians have to fight. He was impatient of Party machinery and Party discipline. He regarded caucuses and conventions as factories where little men were inflated into greatness for Party purposes, and disliked them.

In political battles, however, Clay was a splendid fighter, fearless and heroic alike in defence and attack. He was never discouraged by difficulties, and, although his defeats would infuriate him at the time, he did not allow himself to be disheartened or shaken in his faith by calamity. Defeat only spurred him on to renewed endeavour. 'Nothing is so weakening as regret,' was a saying of James Blaine, and Clay did not indulge in useless lamentations over what was past. He did not sulk under rebuffs of fortune. He did not allow himself to be soured by the disappointment of unrealized hopes. He did not refuse to help his party or work for Harrison and Taylor because he was not selected as candidate.

The impression left upon the mind of one who studies the career of Clay is how barren it was of achievement, when one thinks of his great gifts. 'What product of his statecraft,' asks Orth, 'remains as an enduring monument of his genius?' His great blunder as a statesman was that he failed to make a moral issue of the great question of slavery. He was at heart an ardent lover of freedom and a devoted

believer in democratic institutions, but he was not consistent where the freedom of the negroes was concerned. He described slavery as the deepest stain upon the character of the country, and he supported the restoring of the slaves as colonists to Africa. Yet he himself was a slaveholder. He helped to strengthen the law for the recovery of fugitive slaves. He declined as Secretary of State to aid Great Britain in the further suppression of the slave trade. He demanded the return of fugitives from Canada. Not unnaturally the abolitionists denounced him as a slaveholder, and the slaveholders attacked him as an abolitionist. The shadow of slavery warped and blighted his whole career.

In the light of Clay's ambitions his life was a failure. He never caught the tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. His story is a long record of defeat. Yet there was something heroic in the man too. Nietzsche said, 'I know no better aim for life than to be broken on something great and impossible, *animae magnae prodigus*. Greatness should not depend on success. Demosthenes is great without it.' Clay was big and splendid and dramatic. He was full of grit and courage and tenacity. Although he failed to secure the great prize, he far outshone most of the men in his time who did. He is a more splendid figure than Tyler and Harrison and Polk and Taylor. We lay down the record of his life with a feeling that he was a great man. Has not Browning told us,

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life ?

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

BABEL AND PENTECOST

THE theme of this paper is the place of language in the evolution of the moral and spiritual order. We shall first glance at two outstanding events in the history of mankind, where the crisis centred round the use of languages, and then pass at once to the present, and survey the modern situation in the world of to-day.

Babel and Pentecost illustrate two opposing principles in human behaviour. It is not the object of this paper to handle these events in their supernatural aspects. The moral of the story of Babel is clear : a conquering race, in pride of power, designs to display its glory and its arrogance in the erection of great buildings, and, for this purpose, brings to the city a swarm of slaves who speak an alien tongue. The oppressors despise the oppressed, and refuse to learn their language ; the oppressed, in turn, make use of the ignorance of their masters to foment a successful rebellion which destroys the city of Babel. Something like this, one gathers, is what actually took place. The story, as described in Gen. xi., is not on all fours with this reconstruction of the events, but the spiritual principle at stake is the point that here concerns us. Dominant races, proud of their own language, which they spread through their commerce, their culture, and the offices of religion, commonly refuse to learn the language of ' the barbarians ' ; hence, at a critical moment, when they need to understand the point of view and the interests of these slaves, they are at a loss and their power is undermined. They will not speak the language of their servants and slaves because they despise and hate them. If we hate people we do not wish to speak as they do, or even to understand their speech ; in other words, intercommunication through language is perhaps the most intimate form which love and harmony between human beings can assume.

The long record of history, since the days when Babylon returned to the desert, has repeated the same principle times without number; the most familiar example is the story of Imperial Rome and of its written language. Up to the sixteenth century, Latin culture, along with Greek through Latin, and a Latin Church with a fountain-head at Rome, were dominant, and over against this power the new nations of Europe each developed its own literature and its own art, as part and parcel of a culture which became more and more separate from, if not alien to, the overriding prestige of the ancient world.

In the events recorded in the second chapter of the Acts, we have an outstanding example of the opposite principle. A great annual festival gathers in Jerusalem a multitude of Jews from all over the world. Most of them had forgotten the historic language of their race, and, although the impulse to come to Jerusalem and join in the Feast was strong, there had been no overwhelming desire of the worshippers to communicate with each other; but, on this occasion, a new message is proclaimed, and the teachers of this gospel are inspired by such love that the barriers of language are broken down. The modern reader may well find difficulty in understanding what is meant by 'tongues of fire' and a 'rushing mighty wind'; but these phenomena should not be thrust into the foreground. One can see no greater difficulty in such a description than in some of the unquestioned phenomena of modern science relating to sound and light and heat. The outstanding fact is that in an extremely short space of time the apostles were able to impart to their audience the message of Jesus; the language barrier was overcome just because both listeners and teachers were inspired by a desire for harmony and sympathy. Instead of seeking to impose the language of their historic religion on these 'strangers,' they spoke to them 'each in their own tongue.' Even if one were sceptical about any spiritual or transcendental experience on this occasion, one might be

satisfied to recognize that something parallel to this situation, even if on a lower plane, has been since witnessed all over the world—when, for example, missionaries seek to spread the good news among ‘barbarians.’

One might generalize still further, and point out the success with which people (quite apart from their religious impulses) who know nothing of each other’s language manage to communicate and pick up something of an alien speech, when there is a desire for understanding and goodwill on both sides. Pentecost, in fact, for our present purpose, is the unique example of a principle opposed to the principle of Babel. Language difficulties are overcome when the impulse to harmony and goodwill, when the spirit of divine love, is adequately aroused. The dominance of the master race, of the conqueror, is replaced by love of the Teacher, who comes ‘not to be ministered unto, but to minister.’ The great structure to which we set our hands is not a tower or a fortress built by alien hands, but a temple, a common house of God, to which teacher and taught together set their hands, speaking to one another, even if imperfectly, in a common speech.

Let us now pass rapidly over to our modern epoch, and see how far the principles of Babel and of Pentecost are to be witnessed contending for supremacy in the modern world. As we glance back at the course of events since the sixteenth century we witness a succession of great nations, each of whom, at one time or another, has associated its expansion of power with the spread of its language. Thus, in the Levant and the surrounding areas, the speech of the Frank became common; and, up to the present day, in that part of the world the power of France has continued to be associated with varieties of the dominant language whose political centre is Paris. The languages of Russia and of Germany have played a similar rôle in eastern and in central Europe, while on all the shores of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans the English language, since the days of Elizabeth,

has accompanied the English flag. Competition for power in commerce has carried with it competition for dominance in speech.

Yet, at the same time, we witness an immense advance in tolerance and goodwill. Modern man certainly desires to foster his own speech and his own race, but he is willing to learn the language of other great nations, unless, indeed, he is so meanly instructed as to be unable to extend his sympathy beyond the national limits. We are, in fact, in an era quite different from that of mediaeval or ancient times. We desire to learn at least a few languages; we desire some mutual recognition between Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans; each of these three nations teaches the language of the two others in its schools, and, if our capacity for learning languages were greater, we should extend a similar sympathy to the languages of the other great peoples of the earth. This mutual recognition of foreign languages is commonly approved simply on the grounds of utilitarian or cultural values, but to some extent it is an illustration of what I have called the principle of Pentecost. Any one who deliberately sets to work to learn a foreign language with the direct and simple purpose of understanding a foreign people is so far entering into the mind of that people; he is displaying love to his neighbour, and, so far, is helping to reconcile age-long enmities. It is not too much to say that the whole field of modern language study, looked at in the light of eternal principles, is a contribution to the spiritual advancement of mankind.

It is obvious, however, that this expansion of sympathy to a few great nations is only a partial solution of the problem of world-harmony, and, indeed, if it is limited to a circle of 'great' nations, it carries its own danger. For, in the first place, there are multitudes of small nations, and, although the gross population of these may be small in comparison with that of the dominant races, each of them makes its own contribution to the infinite variety of human experience;

and while, on the one hand, the expansion of mechanical means of communication seems to threaten the existence of small peoples, and, therewith, the dialectical and linguistic varieties of any area, these same mechanical resources are making it possible for the small peoples, if they are sufficiently energetic, to maintain their own life, their own art, and to make their own contribution to the resources of mankind. In the second place, the great nations themselves tend to model their behaviour on the pattern of Babylon and Imperial Rome, to maintain a false prestige by oppressing the institutions of language and culture in the areas over which they have secured political control. At the moment of writing, a most pitiable illustration is provided in the treatment of Southern Tyrol by the Government of Italy, but almost every month our Press records similar situations in many parts of the Middle East.

Furthermore, there are in Asia and Africa great masses of mankind who need to be brought within the ambit of world culture, yet can never be expected to employ any of the languages of the powerful nations of Europe. We have here, then, a problem of unique interest both for scholars and for the common people; and it need hardly be said that the importance of the problem has grown with every year that has passed since the tragedies of 1914-18. But in what directions shall we look for its solution? In theory it might be solved in two ways. Dreamers have often imagined that a single language could be devised for the whole of the human race after the pattern presupposed by the writer in Genesis, a language which would wipe out the varieties of all national and local speech. Just as, at a much simpler level, a universal system of postage or coinage may be devised to replace local or national usages, so a universal language can be contrived to serve a much higher purpose. But alternatively, and much more reasonably, a plan for a universal language has been contemplated which will answer the purposes for which universal intercourse is needed, without

destroying the varieties of national language. Our parallel with the postal systems holds good, for we can to-day employ an international stamp which serves to frank a letter throughout all countries where the International Postage Union is accepted, but each nation still retains its own set of stamps as well. One need not dwell upon this distinction, and yet it requires notice, because so many people, when they first come to consider the international language problem, tacitly assume that the intention of those who have sought to found an international language is directed towards the suppression of all the history and all the sentiments that have gone to make up what every country holds so dear in the speech and literature of its own people. When this preliminary point has been cleared up, the student turns to modern history to see to what extent a practical solution has been found, and one is not surprised that such an intriguing problem has been occupying the minds of scholars and pedants ever since the sixteenth century, when, as we have seen, the close of the Middle Ages, with the decline of Latin as a speech for the Western world, brought our problem clearly before the attention of pioneers.

Out of all the schemes for such a language contrived since the days of Descartes and Leibniz, only one has met with success, and since, indeed, the conditions of the problem require that one, and only one, language hold the field, it is of unique interest to inquire what are the conditions which have enabled Esperanto to achieve success. If the reader, like the writer, of this article believes that this problem, unlike that of postage stamps, rests finally on moral and spiritual conditions rather than on the utilities of commerce or of culture, he will take such factors into account when inquiring into the genesis of Esperanto and the mode in which it has been disseminated. True, some pious students of history might consider that the problem need not be solved by study and organization. They would rather revert to the situation as presented at Pentecost, and believe

that God, in His own time, would, by miraculous means, provide a road of deliverance for the human race. But it is surely a feature of our modern world, in contrast with ancient times, that we are compelled, whether we will or not, to solve our problems by study and research rather than by appeal for the direct help of God. This, shall we not say, is the method of Providence for the modern world, and the more truly religious we are the more we shall be willing to take pains in such study rather than waiting with folded hands for heaven to come to our relief. Zamenhof, the initiator of Esperanto, was, in fact, a man of deep piety, and, at the same time, of marvellous linguistic ability; it was the combination of humanitarian and spiritual impulses with scientific insight into the nature of speech that enabled him to succeed where hundreds of others had failed.

We do not look for a Moses to strike the rock in order to quench our thirst: rather we employ water engineers who with infinite pains provide the Manchester folk with the waters of Thirlmere: when so engaged they *may* be as spiritually-minded as the leader of the people of Israel.

The character of Zamenhof, indeed, combined the genius of a great inventor with the self-effacement of a lover of mankind. This language of Esperanto lives, and is in every sense of the word a living tongue, because Zamenhof was content to lay a foundation—what he called *la fundamento*—relying on those who used it to evolve by use the full value of a medium at once scholarly, practical, and poetic.

It has been all too common to regard this problem of an artificial language as one which can be solved in terms of the academy or of the counting-house. All, however, who themselves feel the strength of affections and ideals which are bound up with the use of speech readily see that a universal language must share these affections and ideals. This is true to some extent even of those partially universal languages which are to-day employed, or have been employed in the past. Thus the scholar in Latin and Greek

will readily admit that his regard for these languages is part of his personality, of his inner sentiment; the Urdu language in India, the scholarly language of the Mandarin, each of which in some respects may be regarded as a universal language, display, each in their own environment, social and moral qualities.

In the same way Esperanto lives, and extends its range month by month and year by year amongst many thousands of people who add this language to the stock which they already possess. Like all other tongues, it tells its own tale, and discharges its own function among its own people. It is used for the one inevitable and necessary purpose which the modern world feels so acutely, viz. to enable us to share the hopes and ideals of humanity for peace and goodwill from which none shall be excluded. This master sentiment lay at the foundation of Zamenhof's plans of construction, and it inspires the great majority of those who learn his speech. Just as John Wesley, in his evangelism, conceived of the whole world as his 'parish,' and laid the foundation for the conquest of humanity by the 'people called Methodists,' so Zamenhof, brought up as a child in a town where four nations were constantly at one another's throats, determined to bring this enmity to an end, not indeed by the method of Pentecost, but by the principles of the modern student.

This is not the place to trace the steps by which, just forty years ago, Esperanto first began to be used by a few young men and women scattered over the countries of Europe; forward to the great day, twenty years ago, when *la Esperantista popolo* first met in Congress at Boulogne from twenty countries of the world, speaking in their own tongue; on to the terrible days of war, when, for a time, the whole movement seemed to be brought to destruction, and the founder himself returned to his home and died without seeing the Promised Land. Those events are now matters of history; during the last three or four years progress has been so

pronounced as to warrant one in confidently prophesying that within another twenty years this invented language will be adopted as the readiest means for intercourse in most international conferences, as well as in many departments of science and commerce. Already a distinguished English professor has published *Homa Lingvo*, a little scientific book on linguistics, which he has written in Esperanto, and will not translate into other languages simply because he realizes that Esperanto is his readiest means of communicating with scholars all over the globe who are interested in his theme. Next August, in Holland, a Peace Congress of 'World Youth,' with some five hundred delegates, will employ Esperanto as the only language into which the address of the various speakers will be translated. On the Continent, much more than in England, the need for a universal language is felt in the wireless stations, since it is impossible for a message from Berlin or Warsaw to spread very far in central Europe unless a language is used which arouses no antagonism in the minds of the listeners from a dozen different countries. We in England, and still more in America, at present do not feel the force of this international demand, and our wireless authorities are far too inclined to suppose that English will carry everywhere. English will not carry everywhere, and, indeed, should not carry everywhere, unless we are so satisfied with our own success in war and commerce as to expect the rest of the world to speak as we do.

It is quite true that in some world-conferences English has been solely employed for communication, but, easy as our language is in some respects for intercommunication, all the evidence points to the fact that foreigners, even though they may learn our language for the purpose of reading, find enormous difficulty in understanding it when spoken in congress or in expressing themselves fluently like the native Englishman. A few statesmen and diplomats, who have been accustomed from childhood to practise

foreign tongues, may indeed use English or French or Italian at will, and are naturally contemptuous of the proposal to replace their facility by Esperanto, which they sometimes regard as a chimerical project and sometimes as a vulgar democratic device. We must, therefore, not expect that in the high councils of statesmanship at Geneva the Esperanto movement will make great headway for many years to come. It will grow gradually and happily, as it has been fostered hitherto, by common people, by pioneers, by men of liberal sentiments, and, above all, by the rising generation, who, as they come to understand the possibilities of an invented speech, will use it as a unique weapon for fostering harmony and peace amongst mankind.

Sed mi diras : Ĉu ili ne aŭdis ? Certe :

Tra la mondo iris ilia sono

Kaj ĝis la finoj de la tero iris iliaj vortoj.

(Rom. x. 18.)

J. J. FINDLAY.

A WORD WITH THE SHADE OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IN the Introduction to an anthology,¹ Mr. St. John Adcock, the editor, who is himself a poet, mentions that Coleridge has defined poetry as 'the *best* words in the best order' (*Table Talk*, July 12, 1827). So poetry is 'the best words in the best order,' is it? A milliner might thus write about her method of so 'dressing' a shop-window that her best and latest hat-models from Paris should be seen to the best advantage. As a definition of the divine art of poetry, the definition which has been quoted seems to me miserably mechanical. Yet such false coin as Coleridge circulated—provided that it bear the image and superscription of a great man—may continue to be tendered and accepted as sterling for generations. Quite recently I saw the definition quoted approvingly by an eminent critic.

In the Book of Leviticus we read that Aaron laid his offering upon the altar. But not until 'there came a fire out from before the Lord' was the offering consumed. Possibly Matthew Arnold had the passage in mind when he wrote of his Scholar-Gipsy, who was, surely, also a poet,

Thou waitest for the fire from heaven.

So long as there fall upon a poet's soul no spark of the 'fire from heaven,' which kindles within him the light which we call 'vision'—of which Coleridge says nothing—so long will even 'the best words' and in 'the best order' remain cold, unconsumed, and so unconsuming upon the altar. Faultless verse these best words in the best order may be, for verse might be defined as 'poetry without vision.' Or shall we say that, as we read in Genesis, God 'breathed into his [man's] nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living

¹ *The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets* (Hodder & Stoughton).

soul'—so faultless verse is the perfect and beautiful body of poetry into which none has breathed the breath of life.

The greatest of all 'inspired' poetry will be found, as I am reminded by the quotation from Genesis and Leviticus, in the Bible. That at least was the opinion of Swinburne, whose scholarship none will question, and whom none can charge, on the score of his religious views, with being unduly biased in favour of the Bible. 'Than the Book of Job,' he said to me on more than one occasion, 'there is no more magnificent poetry in all literature.' 'And to the Book of Job,' I replied, 'I would add Isaiah, the Psalms, and the New Testament, especially passages from St. John,' with which Swinburne agreed.

To return to Coleridge's definition. Poetry is indeed the best words in the best order, but it is much more than that. The words are not only 'in order,' but are 'ordered' in the sense of being 'commanded' as soldiers are commanded on parade. As when, on parade, the order 'Fall in' is given, each disciplined unit takes his appointed place in the ranks, so each word has its appointed place in the poet's line. Just, too, as when the ranks have been formed, each individual soldier is, thereafter, no longer an independent unit, but is a proudly component part of his platoon, his company, his battalion, or his regiment, so the words are merged into the magnitude of the poem. And as an officer manoeuvres and marshals his command, so a poet marshals his lines, verses, or stanzas at will. This is true of poetry generally, but for great poetry one claims more. 'Where there is no vision,' so we read in Proverbs, 'the people perish.' And may we not also say of poetry that where there is no vision, very little of such poetry endures? Here and there is an exception, a poem which we treasure as we treasure a Grecian vase for its lovely contour, its exquisite decorative chasing, as a perfect work of art. We do rightly in so treasuring it, but such poetry is for the most part minor; and in the poetry which is other than minor, we look for more than art.

Art, first and foremost, there must be. Art is as essential in the building of so small a side-chapel that only four worshippers can kneel there together, as in the architecturing of a cathedral, under the roof of which thousands may unite in prayer at one time. Art is as essential, too, in the bringing into being of a song, or a sonnet, as in building 'the lofty rhyme' of a great epic. And as we look to see, glowing from the windows of side-chapel or cathedral, the light which tells us that worshippers are assembled within—so we look, in the poetry which is other than minor, for some gleam or glow of the light which comes of vision.

Where high vision is, we overlook, I do not say some lessening of art, but a certain ruggedness in the craftsmanship, as when a grand old torso strikes us as being *more*, rather than less, lordly and noble in the shaping because rough-hewn; but in most cases the rule holds good that, the more exquisite the art, the diviner the vision, the greater will be the poem. A rule which holds good, too, is that the greater the poetry, the lovelier or the loftier is the poet's command of imagery and symbol. Imagery and symbol are, indeed, so essential to poetry that I must enlarge on the subject here.

First to say, then, that the reader will agree that, of all the organs, none is more marvellous than the eye; that of all the senses, sight seems to have least of that which is merely bodily, merely sensual, or even sensuous. As compared with the grosser senses of taste, touch, hearing, and smell, sight seems to us almost ethereal. If that be true of our physical sight, how ethereal and akin to the spiritual must be the inner and psychical sight by which a poet discerns the things of the Invisible World! His task is either to make visible, or else to interpret the Unseen; and this he finds he can best do by means of symbols.

A symbol is often, but not necessarily, a visible emblem of that which is unseen. Truth, for instance, is invisible. Some of us know, or think we know, what truth is, but truth, in the abstract, none of us has ever seen. Asked what object

in the natural world seems to them best to symbolize that abstract quality which we call truth, three out of four readers would say 'Light,' or would, perhaps, point to the sun, which, as the sun is the source of light on this earth, would be to the same effect; and I do not know that the answer could be bettered. The reader will, moreover, agree that, given a physical law, a physical truth, in the world of nature, and not seldom one can point to a corresponding law, a corresponding truth, in the spiritual world. It not seldom happens, too, that in the physical law or the physical truth, which stand for a corresponding law, a corresponding truth, in the spiritual world, we find a profounder significance than we had at first supposed. Pursuing the line of thought which takes the sun as the symbol of truth, we recall that we cannot look fully, or at least for more than a moment, at the unclouded midday sun. To do so, we must use a darkened glass, as St. Paul, presumably, had in mind when he wrote, 'For now we see through a glass darkly.' By the intolerable brilliance of the unclouded midday sun we are dazzled, if not temporarily blinded, and must turn our eyes away lest we injure our sight. But our world is no more than a small satellite of our sun, which, in turn, is no more than an insignificant star, by comparison with other stars known to us—a star that lights a universe which is no more than one of how many more thousands or millions of incomparably greater universes in infinite space, none can with our present knowledge so much as conjecture.

If, then, to look upon the unclouded face of that symbol of truth, the sun which lights our little world, be more than our bodily eyes can bear—could our spiritual eyes bear the awful effulgence of the sun of truth, and made known to us not by the hint, as it were, of a symbol, but seen as the Sun of suns, set in the zenith of the Heaven of heavens, and irradiating the Universe of universes, which may be the axis of all universes, and the abiding place of the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity? In a word, for inasmuch as He

is the Sun and Source of truth, the question which has been asked resolves itself into this—could we bear, or dare, directly to look upon the face of God? What Robertson of Brighton called ‘the cycles of God’s providence’ are on so unimaginably infinite a scale that, were our finite selves permitted to see them orbiting, might we not reel back, stunned and with reason itself deranged? Perhaps I may here quote words of mine penned many years ago:

‘Can the ant creep up into the brain of man, to think as man thinks, and to see man’s world, as man sees it? And can man—whose world is (by comparison with the infinitely vast and numberless worlds and universes controlled by God) as the grain of sand which the ant propels or carries to its ant-hill—can man creep into the brain of God, to see as God sees, to think as God thinks, and to comprehend the awful, but infinitely loving and infinitely wise purposes of the Eternal Mind?’

In mystery—that of birth: how and whence we came here—our existence began. By mysteries we are surrounded while we draw the breath of that mystery which we call life; and when we cease to draw breath, we pass into the shadow of that mystery which we call death. I say ‘mysteries,’ but, in reality, there is only one mystery—the Being of God; for all others are contained within, or resolve themselves into, that awful Mystery. In a word, we and all things *are* because God *is*. Beyond our human comprehension as these mysteries within one Mystery are, we are not left without light to guide us in the darkness. He who said, ‘I am the Light of the World,’ has revealed Infinite Love at the heart of the Mystery of mysteries. Here, however, I am concerned with these mysteries in their relation to great poetry, for a layman, who is no theologian, must not go beyond his province. Leaving, then, out of the question those who were themselves the founders of one of the world’s religions, and leaving out of the question those who were immediately entrusted with the task of proclaiming and

teaching, by written document or spoken word, such religions to the world—by whom, I ask, has more light been shed upon the Unseen, and upon the mysteries of life and death, than by great poets? I am not claiming for poets, even for great poets, that they are supermen. They are conscious of the presence and the problem of mysteries, under which they and their fellow mortals dwell, as the people of old Pompeii dwelt under the shadow of Vesuvius; or, as in Switzerland to-day, some villagers dwell under the menace of the landslide or the avalanche. In bygone Pompeii few took thought of red death by burning lava, and in the villages to-day as few take thought of white death by avalanche, or of black death by being buried alive and in darkness by the hurling down upon them of half a mountain-side.

Poets are as human as—often more human than—the rest of us mortals. It was a poet who bade us ‘gather ye rosebuds while ye may’; and to some poets, if only for ‘temperamental’ reasons, not only rosebuds, but the red and full-blown rose of passionate pleasure is no less alluring, is perhaps more alluring, than to everyday folk. From a poet’s mind, as from the mind of other persons, the thought of the mystery of life and death may, for the time being, be dismissed. But not for long. The mountains surrounding a valley are visible to every dweller in that valley, and he must needs be reminded of them every time he raises eyes or glances out of a window. On the horizon of a poet’s mind the mysteries of life and death loom, mountain-large, and mountain-high, and are continually in his thoughts. Others than poets are equally oppressed by these mysteries. They brood over, marvel at, and give no less profound thought to the subject than does the poet, but they do not, or so it seems to me, come so near to the heart of the mystery as do such poets as Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Herbert, Vaughan, Addison, Cowper, Blake, Wordsworth, and others. Not for a moment am I forgetting, or seeking to belittle, what we owe to the Fathers of the Church; to saint,

martyr, and seer ; to the great divines, and great theologians of all time ; but I am by no means sure *that it was not some element of the poet in them which lent such keenness to their vision*. Had John Bunyan not been poet as well as preacher, would he have penned *The Pilgrim's Progress* ? Had the writer of the hymn, ' Our God, our help in ages past,' been only theologian, and no poet, would words of his move us as they do to-day ? And the same is true of John and Charles Wesley. The list could be indefinitely extended, but I return to the subject of symbolism in poetry.

When our Lord said to His disciples, ' I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now,' did that ' now ' mean only the time when the words were spoken ? Did it not stretch back to the time when man first came into being ; stretch forward to our own day, and thence stretch forward yet again to cover the span of man's life on earth ? To-day, as then, there are heavenly truths the intense light of which would blind our finite sight ; and just as Christ taught His disciples by the poetry of parable—surely one of the highest forms of teaching—so, I believe, the poet is permitted and inspired in like manner to bring the things of the Invisible World within our human comprehension by parable, and by means of such visible symbols of the invisible as to enable us, if only dimly, to grasp some hint of their high meaning. In Christian worship, as when we liken bread and wine to Christ's body and blood, and in the expression of our religious faith, symbolism is essential. I take an instance. Infinitely far as the symbol is from enabling them to form even a dim conception of an Omnipotent, Omniscient Creator—do we not take our poor, faulty, human fatherhood as the type of God's relationship to man when we speak of God to our children as the Heavenly Father ? Infinitely far, I repeat, as is the homely, human symbol of man's fatherhood from the tremendous truth of the Triune God, in whom is the attribute of fatherhood—how other than imaginatively can we word what is in our mind so as to convey any conception of that

truth to a child, or even to those who are not children ? Here, however, I am writing of symbols in relation to poetry ; and though I am far from implying that religion and poetry are of like momentousness, I ask, once again, how other than by symbols can the poet share with us his ' vision splendid ' by projecting upon our minds some hint or semblance of the lovely things of the invisible world ? For poetry, if it be great poetry, seems to recall

Music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute, touched on a spirit sea.

By his high vision the poet's imagination is so spiritualized as to become inspiration. On the Day of Pentecost those assembled ' began to speak with other tongues.' That is, of course, the supreme instance of inspiration, to which nothing happening to-day can be likened. But who of us dare assert that inspiration has wholly ceased to be ; that no word from outside himself comes to the seer or the saint ; or that a poet does not, in his moments of exaltation, find at his command a power of expression so lovely and so lofty as to transcend human speech ? By the alchemy, the incommunicable magic, of high poetry the words upon the printed page write themselves in letters of light upon the dark sky of our intellectual heavens ; and the writing is surely by another hand than that of the poet ; for that writing is no longer in words, but is transfused and transfigured, as by fire from heaven, into symbols of the things of the invisible world, and, on the sky of our intellectual heavens, stars and constellations, unseen by us before, are revealed. Great poetry is the sublimation of human speech, the passing of spoken words into pure song in which are harmonies heard only by the inner ear—harmonies that seem to recall memories of some lovely but long-lost Dream Realm wherein we once wandered, and the mother tongue of which is surely Music.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE MEDIAEVAL CHURCH AND MODERN WORLD

THERE has been a great revival of interest in the mediaeval period of history. Some look back to this period as to a Golden Age, both religiously and economically, and regard the Reformation as a doubtful boon, if not, indeed, an actual evil. Others regard the mediaeval period as the Dark Age, when religion became a superstition and individual liberty was crushed by the iron régime of external authority. It is difficult to hold either of these views without denying the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church through centuries of its history. It is possible to believe that the mediaeval Church offered a valuable witness, and met a great need, in the tenth century, and at the same time to hold that the Reformation was necessary in the sixteenth century. The Church order for one period may be quite inadequate for another period. We believe that the Reformation was necessary in the sixteenth century, but that does not mean that we may not learn something of value from the tenth century.

In any judgement passed upon the Middle Ages, certain factors must be considered. In the fifth century, Roman civilization was all but destroyed by barbarian invasions from Germany. The period which follows was one of great unsettlement. Landmarks and sanctions disappeared. The Church cannot be held responsible for the wild life that followed, but must rather be commended for having maintained so much that was noble in the old civilization. Again, the Church must not be judged only by what it accomplished, but also by what it strove to do and be. The Church ideal was always infinitely higher than its real life, and abundant evidence can easily be collected to prove that theory did not always correspond with fact. Yet the declaration of councils and the testimony of canon law, expressing the higher mind of the Church, must be considered in the total survey.

Moreover, the mediaeval Church had its great days, its monks and priors, and mediaeval saints did help to keep alive the soul of the world. Cluny monks and others, for love of Jesus, left all and followed Him, sought to practise the Sermon on the Mount teaching, and felt something of the power and attraction of the Cross.

Now the mediaeval Church did not function in a vacuum. It had to relate itself to the world in order to exist at all, but in that relationship there existed the danger that real Christianity might be overwhelmed by alien influences. No Church can quite escape the political or philosophical outlook of the age.

Consider, for example, the Church of the tenth century. Certain influences can be traced by impartial historians which left a mark on the Church. (a) Gerbert's profession of faith proves that he accepted the Creeds which represent the declaration of truth in terms of Greek metaphysics. (b) The Church was a link between the old Roman civilization and the Teutonic world, and it is noticeable that the episcopal cities and provinces of Gaul corresponded with the ancient Roman cities and provinces. The power of the Papacy owed much to the magic of the Roman name, whilst canon law was largely the application of Roman law to Church life. (c) But Gallican paganism showed itself in many ways. The worship of the local saints took the place of the local gods, whilst widespread forms of magic and popular worship of relics suggest the influence of primitive animism. (d) Feudalism profoundly affected the Church. Bishops and presbyters ranked high as landed magnates, and appointments to Church offices were largely controlled by feudal lords, and were accompanied by the rendering of feudal dues. Indeed, in Anselm's writings one can trace the influence of feudalism on theology. (e) There is little doubt that pagan as well as Jewish influences helped to magnify the priestly office. Add to these facts the wholesale conversion of peoples by force, the reduced moral temperature of Church life which inevitably followed, the

general ignorance due to the collapse of the Roman schools, and the popular tendency to confuse symbols with things symbolized, which strengthened the power of the separated priesthood and ultimately produced the doctrine of transubstantiation, and we have accounted for the weakness and error of the mediaeval Church. The Fatherly God came to be regarded as a feudal chief or an almighty Caesar, if, indeed, His personality was not at times overshadowed by the use of semi-physical terms, such as 'substance' or 'Nature.' Grace and faith, which are really personal attitudes producing fellowship, were often considered apart from character and experience, with an intellectual or even physical meaning. The supreme love of Christ crucified, whilst never denied, and, indeed, set forth at the Mass, was nevertheless weakened in its appeal by the whole system of penance and confession united to mediation through priests and saints. There was need of reformation both in doctrine and in life. A study of the tenth century introduces us to more than one scandal. The events connected with the passing of the Carolingian dynasty in France and the story of the Council of Rheims, 991, give a vivid picture of sordid meanness and treachery, and show us that it was possible for men of bad character to hold high position in the Church. Yet a study of the very same period shows us how much the Church contributed to civilization and to human welfare. Reforming movements, saints, great endeavours to realize great ideals, are met with in these dark ages. We get glimpses of the Church, which is on the side of peace and progress, and which stands for great principles which in their application are as necessary to-day as then.

The mediaeval Church, although influenced by the feudal atmosphere, was never quite feudalized. The celibacy of the clergy, objectionable though it was on many grounds, at any rate prevented the triumph of the hereditary principle in the various bishoprics. The adoption, in theory at least, of the representative principle of election in monastery and diocese, the emphasis on education in the various monastic and

episcopal schools, and the opening of a way for poor boys like Gerbert, by which they could rise to high positions of influence in society, were democratic and anti-feudal tendencies. Above all, let it not be forgotten that the Church never quite lost the Jesus of the New Testament. It is interesting to notice how frequently the tenth-century writers appeal to the Jesus of the Gospels for the authoritative Word of Life.

The Church of the Middle Ages at any rate claimed to be an *international institution*, transcending race, class, nation. Luther's dependence on the German princes, and the Tudor régime in England, tended to identify certain forms of Protestantism with the nation, but the substitution of national Churches for the world Church was a movement away from the Christianity of the New Testament. To identify religion with patriotism is to destroy the meaning of both. The Christian Church must be international, for it deals with international factors like sin, righteousness, and judgement, and represents an ideal in which there is neither colour, caste, nor race. National loyalties are very noble, but recent events have shown us that, unless they are subordinate to loyalty to the world and to humanity, they may prove dangerous. Now, the Church of the Middle Ages centred in Rome was certainly, in theory, above the warring tribes and nations. Canon law was compiled by international lawyers for the whole Church, the sacramental system was valid everywhere, bishops could pass from French to Italian or German sees. Gerbert was Archbishop of Rheims, of Ravenna, and Pope of Rome in succession. We read of councils in which Italian, French, and German bishops met together. Gerbert himself was an Internationalist, and strove, in conjunction with the Emperor Otho III, to establish a world order on a religious and ethical basis. This conception may have proved faulty in practice, yet this ideal of a world authority must be realized if the world is to find peace. At any rate, the Church must stand apart from

racial and national rivalries, for it stands for the Kingdom of God and the message of the world Saviour.

The Church endeavoured to find a *moral and religious basis for the whole of life*, and tried to bring all relationships under the authority of Christ as represented by His Church. Sir William Ashley has said that economics was a branch of theology in those days, and he goes as far as to state: 'No such sustained and far-reaching attempt is now being made, either from the side of ethics or theology, to impress upon the public mind the principles immediately applicable to practical life.' These words are strong, and yet a perusal of the works of Gerbert, Rathier, Abbon, and the collection of canons made by Burchard, will show that canon law did include political and economic factors. These tenth-century writers assert that all legitimate authority must be based on justice, and that both just and honest dealing must characterize the market. Usury was condemned as a form of greed, though it should be remembered that in those days money was lent for consumption rather than for production. Avarice and greed were among the deadly sins, whilst generous dealing, especially with the poor, widows, orphans, and pilgrims, was regarded as a great virtue, giving merit for this life and the next. The practice of almsgiving, which appears so frequently in the lives of the saints and in penitential discipline, was closely related to the mediaeval theory that originally all property was held in common; for it was believed that almsgiving was the method of rectifying the inequalities which had arisen as the result of the fall of man. Rathier used the parable of Dives and Lazarus to show the perils of wealth, and taught that wealth must be possessed as a stewardship for service. The serf was not forgotten. To emancipate a serf was the best passport for heaven, and, even if he did not receive complete freedom, his marriage was recognized, whilst he was given the benefit of sanctuary and enjoyed the leisure of saints' days. Rathier was not the only tenth-century writer who pointed

out that all men, whether free or unfree, shared the same humanity and were the children of one Father. Numerous councils at the end of the tenth century sought to promote peace, abolish private war, and protect the workers.

Church authority, exercised through the discipline of confession and penance, was external and legal, and was often exercised in an unchristian way by unchristian men. Nevertheless, this conception of a Christian ordering of the whole of life, its economics and politics, is a noble conception, and implies that behind every other relationship there is a personal one, and personal relationships always involve a consideration of both ethics and religion. At any rate, it is a worthier ideal than that held by so many in these days, who would abandon whole regions of life to economic necessity and political expediency. There are many who think that the Church, as the visible and organized expression of Christian Fellowship, should recover much of the ground that it has lost. The Church should be able to discover and express with authority the mind of Christ, not only in regard to great evils like lust, intemperance, and gambling, but also in regard to evils equally pernicious, such as war, and social injustice, and greed, wherever it appears.

The mediaeval Church did not give sufficient place to the individual, who was often lost in the solidarity of the institution. His freedom, personality, and priesthood were overshadowed by the external hierarchy, but it must be remembered that monasticism, both in its origin and in its many revivals, did allow for the individual approach to God in prayer and meditation. In these monasteries we find personal religion and self-discipline, but the monk found himself in a society, and learnt what the modern world cannot afford to forget—that all true life is social, and produces fellowship. The Church as a whole did show that the individual cannot be separated completely from the past, any more than he can be separated from his neighbours. These links were understood too externally and even

magically. Nevertheless, the religious experience of past ages has significance for to-day, and the experience of the individual Christian needs to be supplemented by the experience of those with whom he has fellowship. *The mediaeval Church, in fact, understood something of the social side of human nature*, and realized in some way the social bond, but too often identified it with external rite and orders. That bond is real, but it must be personal. Love, not law, is the final word. Augustine had suggested this in his great work, *The City of God*, and the Church, even in its darkest days, never quite forgot it. Were not private property, coercive jurisdiction, and slavery the results of the Fall, according to its own theory? And did not that imply that the common life, freedom, and love of a great fellowship remained the ideal which it was the task of the Church to make real? It must also never be forgotten that the Christian Church of those days always found its strength and inspiration in the central fact of the Cross of Jesus.

There is much in the mediaeval Church that we must reject, but there is much that we must retain—its internationalism, its endeavour to find an ethical and religious basis for the whole of life, its emphasis upon the Church as a social fact. These features are not antagonistic to the freedom and value of human personality, the re-discovery of which was the glory of the Protestant Reformation. Perhaps it is not too much to claim that a united Methodism, with its missionary extension, its world parish, its great experience, its wonderful organization, would be well fitted to express all that was best in the old order, whilst retaining all that is best in the new. For it has been pointed out in a recent work¹ that Methodism stands for an authority as well as an experience in which the individual witness has to be confirmed by the corporate witness of the Church. The modern world has something still to learn from the mediaeval Church.

D. W. LOWIS.

¹*The Psychology of the Methodist Revival*, Dimond.

EDMUND BLUNDEN AND HIS POETRY

I. Year after year the makers of verse in long procession seek to attract the attention of the busy, heedless world. The poets, it would seem, are always with us. Material civilization may wax ever noisier, ever gaudier; still the poets 'make' and lay their gifts before bustling, fevered humanity. The verse offerings come and go. Some are loudly praised, and for a time their lines are on many lips; most of them, however, hasten to early and sure oblivion.

It is delightful to adventure among these little volumes and to seek out the authors behind the works. We come to know the self-assured, the blatant, the obtrusive, the cynical, the melancholy, the shy. We find those who, mistaken in their calling, yet toil and spin. We find those who strive for audience until their souls are weary. Now and then we find one who makes seemingly because he cannot do otherwise; one who is apart from movements, schools, and theories; one who is quiet, unaffected, himself. Such is the young Englishman, Edmund Blunden, whose work is steadily winning its way on its own merits.

Born in 1896, he is hardly upon the threshold of his career. Into his thirty-two years there has been compressed, however, a life of such variety and intensity as comes to few who attain to even thrice his years. Within his three decades lie his education at famous old Christ's Hospital, his two years on the western front with the Royal Sussex during the World War, his association with Middleton Murry on the *Athenæum*, the winning of the Hawthornden Prize, a journey to South America on a tramp steamer, an English lectureship at the Imperial University of Tokyo, and the publication of five volumes—four of verse and one of prose. In addition he helped Alan Porter edit the poems of John Clare, and himself contributed a sketch of Clare's life which remains the best word that has been said on the subject.

In 1916 he printed for private circulation a pamphlet of verse which he fitly entitled *The Harbingers*. It is no exaggeration to say that each of the seven poems in this first volume has in it something of distinct merit and promise. 'Circe Penitent,' an experiment upon a classical subject, just what might be expected from a Senior Grecian of Christ's Hospital, gives an original turn to the story of the sorceress and exhibits a command over blank verse not often attained by even the brightest of schoolboys. Circe is speaking :

And here abode Odysseus a full year.
 Loving we were, the goddess and the man,
 The witcheries that I had used afore
 Lived into love, and worked for loveliness,
 And wed me with the myriad-minded man.
 But, when the year was passed, his spirit tired
 Of days unperilous, and his old desire
 Of wandering through the many-fabled world
 Came on him and impelled him, as the sun
 Wakens a frozen stream to restlessness,
 And sends it singing away ; the sallow reeds
 Sag in the freshets. So Odysseus went,
 Fated to visit the dark underworld ;
 And when he won the light of day again,
 He, with his comrades, landed on my isle,
 For, when he had left it first, one of his men,
 The youngest, hurrying down, -
 Slipped, and so died ; and in the underworld
 The wraith of him besought Odysseus' will
 To build a funeral pyre magnificent
 And burn his bones. Wherefore Odysseus came
 And built the pyre, and thought to go unseen,
 But I for love of him stole quickly down,
 Having no heart to set my sorcery
 On him and those who once had been my friends
 And parted from me friends ; I made them feast
 With baked flesh of deer and fowl, and wine
 Delicate and true. The night they rested there ;
 And of the Sirens perilous as sweet,
 And all the dangers of his destined course,
 I warned Odysseus as we talked apart.
 Dawn came, and he would go : I did not wait
 To see his vessel float into the haze
 Of absence, lest the love of him should force
 My wild sad heart to do him grievous wrong,
 And never have I seen Odysseus more.

One might safely have said at the time of the publication of those lines that the writer of them would be heard of later.

In 'The Barn,' with admirable economy of words, he creates atmosphere unerringly :

The light pales at the spider's lust,
The wind tangs through the shattered pane :
An empty hop-poke spreads across
The gaping frame to mend the loss
And keeps out sun as well as rain,
Mildewed with clammy dust.

'The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill' strikes a clear note of Coleridgean magic :

By Herndyke Mill there haunts, folks tell,
A holy silver-breasted bird ;
Her call is like a silver bell,
So sweet a bell was never heard.
The Silver Bird of Herndyke Mill,
That flies so fast against the blast,
And frights the stoat with one soft note—
To hear her makes a man's blood chill.

The Harbingers was followed in 1920 by *The Waggoner*, with which Blunden considers his public career to begin, and this in turn by *The Shepherd* in 1922, and *English Poems* in 1926. *The Bonadventure*, published in 1924, is the prose record of his voyage to South America.

II. It is not difficult to find fault with much of Blunden's youthful verse. In only a few poems does he come reasonably near mastery. Some of his combinations of sound are ridiculous :

The gipsies lit their fires by the chalk-pit gate anew,
And the hopped horses supped in the further dusk and dew ;
The gnats flocked round the smoke like idlers as they were,
And through the goss and bushes the owls began to churr.

Here, the subject does not call for such an alienating succession of sibilants and gutturals. There is nothing of the

inevitable in such work. Moreover, he uses a good many dialect words ; indeed, Robert Bridges has written a brochure on Blunden's use of dialect. I fancy, however, that Blunden will learn, as others have learned, that not much is gained by the attempt to revive dialect words. Now and then, by some turn of fortune, such a word may hit off a meaning exactly, and spring once more into active language life ; but such instances are rare. Great poetry, as is well known, does not depend upon unusual words ; it depends rather upon the power of the poet to put unusual meaning into common current words.

A large part of his work, therefore, like the early poetry of Tennyson, is experimental and unsatisfactory. He himself recognizes this fact. ' In sending forth my collection,' he writes by way of preface to the *English Poems*, ' I am aware that it is copious, and yet it is not the fruit of facility. I strive for utterance. If half-ideas, verges of shadow and misty brightness, thus find their way into my story, I must often acquiesce, because I know by experience how such visitants come and go, and often, however imperfectly visioned in the first place, do not return again, save in low and dispirited murmurings. " The mirrors change " ; the musicians march out of the village.' All of which is but an admission that the poet is not yet master of his material ; that he has yet to reach the point where he can fuse thought and form.

III. It requires no long time for an attentive reader to perceive that the spirit of rural England has permeated Blunden, that shy, elusive spirit, delicate, ethereal, brooding like an unseen presence, which lies behind and surrounds and invests everything in the island country, even those things which are hard and stern and forbidding. Those who know England at all know that there is an England concealed from the dull of heart—an England of sights and sounds and spirit feelings which point to a something behind and beyond material things, as Wordsworth tried to suggest and explain ;

a something that reveals itself only to him whose soul is sensitive. It is England's spirit of beauty and loveliness ever seeking to embody itself. Even the coarse of nature cannot wholly escape it ; it enters into the being of the dim-souled peasant and makes his every breath and heartbeat an offering to England. The giddy summer tourist falls under its spell and, without knowing why, for ever yearns for something which he cannot wholly define. Such is the England of much of Blunden's poetry. He brings before us his vision of

these calm shires
And doting sun and orchards all aflame,
These joyful flocking swallows round the spires,
Bonfires and turreted stacks.

He makes the quiet of rural England live for us in lines like these :

Evening has brought the glow-worm to the green,
And early stars to heaven, and joy to men ;
The sun is gone, the shepherd leaves the pen
And hobbles home, while we for leisure lean
On garden pales.

With him we pause in the evening twilight and drink in the glories of that hour when

Sleep comes upon the village, the rich bee
From honeyed bells of balsams high is gone ;
The windows palely shine.

His strength arises from his sincerity. Blunden actually loves England, actually loves life, loves the blue skies, the white clouds, the filmy fogs, the delicate blossoms, the odour of freshly turned soil, the little denizens of the hedgerows, the hush of evening. He is no haunter of the city's streets who would fain simulate a country passion. He lives with nature. He has something of the divine efflation of John Clare, for whose memory he has done so much. And he trusts his material ; for him the tapping of a woodpecker opens the doors to God ; the smallest things ' kindle life's

radiance in his mind.' He walks to the pasture pond and there spends a day, at the end of which he can say :

From all these happy folk I find
Life's radiance kindle in my mind,
And even when homeward last I turn
How bright the hawthorn berries burn,
How steady in the old elm still
The great woodpecker strikes his bill ;

Whose labour oft in vain is given,
Yet never he upbraids high heaven ;
Such trust is his. O I have heard
No sweeter from a singing bird
Than his tap-tapping there this day,
That said what words will never say.

And there still remains for him the benediction of evening :

The bells from humble steeples call,
Nor will I be the last of all
To pass between the ringers strong
And as of old make evensong :
While over pond and plat and hall
The first of sleep begins to fall.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream !
Through the yew the sun's last gleam
Lights into a glory extreme
The squirrel-carven pews that dream
Of my fathers far beyond
Their solitary pasture pond.

For this man the past has significance ; nothing is small,
nothing is mean ; life is not a cold mockery :

The smallest things are made divine,
The old low pews, the narrow tiles
Deep red, that pave the tiny aisles,
The books whose gildings no more shine—
O hamlet church, O heavenly shrine.

Wherever Faith kneeled simple-strong
Of old, the memory abides ;
Dead rose whose silken fragrance glides
Still from her leaves ; tolled bell whose song,
The ringer ceasing, lingers long.

'Almswomen' is in itself sufficient to prove Blunden an authentic poet :

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends
Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any true loves in the spring.
Long, long ago they passed threescore-and-ten,
And in this doll's house lived together then ;
All things they have in common, being so poor,
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise
Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
End too with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the may's in bloom.

I am inclined to think that Blunden's strength lies in this direction. 'Sheepbells,' for example, is perfect of its kind—a little symphony of pastoral England :

Moonsweet the summer evening steals
Upon the babbling day :
Mournfully, most mournfully
Light dies away.

There the yew, the solitary,
Vaults a deeper melancholy,
As from distant dells
Chance music wells
From the browsing-bells.

Thus they dingle, thus they chime,
While the woodlark's dimpling rings
In the dim air climb ;
In the dim and dewy loneliness,
Where the woodlark sings.

When I came upon 'The Long Truce' I saw in it an embodiment of that rare perfection towards which his best work is tending :

Rooks in black constellation slowly wheeling
Over this pale sweet sky, and church-bells pealing
Our homely pilgrims to the fount of healing ;

The cypresses that swartly gather nigh,
The grey conventicle that climbs the sky
Where the white rugged road climbs patient by ;

The day and hour, the obedience of good people
To the commandment singing from the steeple,
All speak a calm sea where there's scarce a ripple.

I bless my chance that finds me this deep leisure,
The voice of Sabbath with its lulling measure,
I bless this England for such serious pleasure.

And gravely as I go I reach that grove
Where once the Cavalier and Roundhead strove,
And think, this peace rewards their rival love :

I see them now at truce eternal lying,
With no hoarse trumpet summoning, none replying—
Only in sweet content for England vieing.

IV. Blunden went through the furnace of the Great War. Stern training those years afforded a young, beauty-loving soul of twenty just coming into its heritage of glowing life. He passed through the hell suggested by such names as Somme, Ypres, and Festubert, and the sights he looked upon have left dark shadows on his impressionable mind. He did not quite lose sight of beauty in the inferno of war, but the agony seems not yet to have passed wholly from him. He is honest in his belief that such poems as 'Third Ypres' are better than his pastoral symphonies. In a letter to me a few months ago he wrote: 'I have faith myself less in my pastoral symphonies than in such pieces as "Third Ypres," which are born of much more troublesome emotions. Being in an agony he prayed the more earnestly.'

I admit a gripping power in certain lines of his war poems, but to me they suggest something of an eclipse of beauty. I cannot believe that Blunden's genius is best revealed in work of that kind. I hope the dark horror will pass; that his memories of those days of agony and torture will be softened by time. He will be a better poet for having been in hell; but, after all, the spirit of poetry tendeth heavenward, and Blunden, like Dante, must set his face toward the light.

In 'The Unchangeable' it is rural England, the subtle spirit of place, beauty indeed, that calls to Blunden across the battle carnage :

Though I within these last two years of grace
Have seen bright Ancere scourged to brackish mire,
And meagre Belgian beck by dale and chace
Stamped into sloughs of death with battering fire—
Spite of all this, I sing you high and low,
My old loves, waters, be you shoal or deep,
Waters whose lazy and continual flow
Learns at the drizzling weir the tongue of sleep.

For Sussex cries from primrose lags and brakes,
' Why do you leave my woods untrod so long ?
Still float the bronze carp on my lilled lakes,
Still the wood-fairies round my spring wells throng ;
And chancing lights on willow waterbreaks
Dance to the dabbling brooks' midsummer song.'

V. A casual reading of Blunden's poetry will reveal that he is no young revolutionist who would break utterly with the past. His work is manifestly and reverently in the great tradition. He evidently believes that beauty can be found where the wisest poets have always found it, and that it can be expressed in the forms already hallowed by the poets upon whom time has bestowed the laurel. His powers are quietly ripening toward perfection. His best work may mean little to those whose ears have been dulled by the roar of a materialistic and commercial age, but to those who have kept themselves sensitive to all the quiet joys of sound and colour and the life of the spirit it will come as a pure gift.

WALDO H. DUNN.

AFRICA FOR CHRIST¹

IN putting forth the volume under the title *Can Africa be Won?* Mr. Roome is doing a number of things, any one of which renders his book worth reading. For one thing, he gives a living picture—sketched from life—of a continent crammed full of wonders, and amazing in its many-coloured pageants. He knows the facts, moreover, concerning the peoples within its borders, with their infinite varieties of civilization, language, and religion. He is under no illusions as to the sinister aspects of the relations between all those peoples and the more highly privileged peoples which go to make European civilization. But he is beyond all things concerned with the ‘salvability’ of the peoples of Africa, viewing the word ‘salvability’ in the widest sense; and it is with the passion of a man to whom the things of God are the things most real and most urgent that he faces the question, Can Africa be won?

Who is the man who asks the question? For in such a matter all depends upon the degree to which the witness is competent, and may be relied on to present a trustworthy picture of the case. Of one thing we may be very sure. No man could possibly be found who is more qualified to speak on Africa—and particularly on Equatorial Africa—than Mr. Roome. His is, for instance, the knowledge acquired by first-hand labour on the spot. No less than seven times has he traversed the continent from north to south and from east to west, on foot and by push-bike and accompanied by three native boys. He is in no sense a professional missionary. As will be seen from the letters following his name, he is by profession an architect; by occupation he is an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society; but there is

¹*Can Africa be Won?* By W. J. W. Roome, L.R.I.B.A., M.R.I.A.I., F.R.A.I., F.R.G.S. With Introduction by the Right Rev. J. J. Willis, D.D., O.B.E., Bishop of Uganda. (A. & C. Black.)

no shadow of doubt that the passion with which he is obsessed is that of the salvation of Africa, and every chapter in his book bears on that urgent issue.

He does well to press that issue if for no other reason than that so many of the world's forces seem to be concentrated upon Africa's exploitation rather than its salvation ; and the book has conspicuous value in the trenchant way in which colour prejudice, racial cleavage, native-exploitation, are ruthlessly shown up, until one is almost ashamed of our so-called Christian civilization. " " I will not travel with a black man," said a British officer to the guard at King's Cross railway station some time ago. " I have been in South Africa, and know how the African ought to be treated." So the African was turned out that the officer might not sit where he sat.' Mr. Roome makes us to see many such damning indictments of the colour prejudice which disfigures our relations with other nationalities, and for which we shall one day have to pay a heavy price ; and then asks, ' What must eventually befall a nation or a company or an individual who openly sets at defiance laws of right and justice, and treats a defenceless people for their own ends, permitting their land to be acquired by settlers who can compel the natives to accept their terms or leave.' It is a book which should be earnestly pondered, not only by those concerned in missionary work, but also by civil administrators as well, upon whom must fall the brunt of the future solution of the problem of the relations between the black and the white.

The pathetic tragedy of Africa—so poignantly set forth in *Laws of Livingstonia*—is as effectively expounded by Mr. Roome ; and he very frankly faces the three possible attitudes as to the native question ; and adds, ' Our thoughts on the future of the African races will be governed by our adopting one or other of these attitudes.' In the first place, there is the view that every man, irrespective of colour, has the ' right to rise ' to the highest point to which he is capable of rising. No one can deny that the African is at present a

backward scholar ; and no wonder, considering his conditions of development and his paucity of advantages. But experience shows how capable the coloured man can prove himself, granted a fair chance ; and justice, chivalry, brotherhood—all demand of us that we should grant the right to rise. In the second place, it is contended by many that the native will probably work out a happier manner of life if we leave him in peace to himself, 'with a minimum of paternal government.' In the third place, there are those who regard the native as belonging to an inferior race, and therefore as affording a natural and rightful field for ruthless and cynical exploitation by white men ; and it is the impregnation of the second by the third that produces the scandals which ought to make white men blush. Mr. Roome considers that the segregation theory is more specious than sound ; and, without attempting to discuss the merits of that opinion, there is little doubt that the attitude which is altogether indefensible is the third ; and yet that is appallingly rife, as Mr. Roome can show by concrete examples.

The difficulty of the African problem is greatly enhanced by the racial and linguistic varieties encountered. Among other things, Mr. Roome set himself to prepare an ethnographic survey of the peoples of Africa as he traversed it. The complexity of the task it is hard to appreciate, for lines of demarcation are in most cases far from clear. But in his survey he gives the names and location of over three thousand tribes and sub-tribes, a large number of which have never had their languages investigated by trained linguists. He utters a warning, however, against the assumption that all these tribes represent so many distinct languages ; and he estimates that 'one third of the population has probably become so used to some of the great languages, as Arabic, Hausa, and Swahili, as to feel as much at home in them as with their original speech.' This is a most encouraging factor in the problem, and unquestionably lessens the hopelessness of reaching a population so diverse. At the time of

writing, Mr. Roome says that two hundred and forty-four forms of speech had been reduced to system for educational purposes in Africa, and that in all of them some part of the Bible has been published. This means that all the main peoples have been potentially, if not actually, reached ; and a picture of natives waiting in a queue all night long for the obtaining of copies of the Scriptures is suggestive of a veritable hunger for the Word of God. And as to the work of translating all these versions, we are not surprised to be told that about four-fifths of this work is to be placed to the credit of Protestant missionaries.

Mr. Roome stresses, and stresses with justice, the contribution which is made in this way by missionaries to the sum total of the apparatus of civilization. For this they do not receive anything like the credit they deserve from the outside world. It is this yearning desire to give to an ever-increasing number of peoples the Word of God that has impelled the missionaries to create new languages, or at any rate to reduce to an ordered system what had before been little else than a rude jargon. When this difficult task has been accomplished for lofty spiritual and ethical purposes, then, as Mr. Roome points out, the trader and the administrator come along in pursuance of maybe very proper and desirable ends ; but they have not always been as grateful as they ought to have been to those who, with infinite labour and patience, have created the medium of intercourse without which purveyors, whether of ideas or of commodities, would be very seriously handicapped.

This book sets forth some very serious facts concerning Islam in Africa ; and the writer views it as a greater obstacle to the gospel than paganism. What will be new to many readers is what he reveals concerning the extent to which Islam is embittered by the militant religious order of the Senussi, who are equally fanatical in their hatred of the Turks and the Christians, and who are using all kinds of propagandist methods for spreading their doctrines. ' The

main caravan routes are being brought under Senussi control; wells are dug, trees are planted, and cultivation is carried on by freed slaves, now carefully instructed in the dogmas and practices of the Order. In this way it is thought that the true believers may be gathered together and preserved from living under the yoke of the Christian powers, or under the scarcely less hated rule of the Turk and the Egyptian, who, in the opinion of the Senussi, are under the control of the European Governments and suffer from that pernicious influence.' There is much in chap. v. that should be read with care by those charged with responsibilities where Islam is rife. It is true that at present it is in a measure quiescent. 'Enjoying the favour of European powers, it is peaceful in its attitude towards the respective administrations. . . . Once they became antagonistic to European authority, through the preaching of a "Jehad," or Holy War, this immense brotherhood, with little knowledge of Islam as a religion but having embraced its fanaticism as a political force, might constitute a scourge that would once again sweep away the young Christian Churches. The story of North Africa might be repeated in Equatorial Africa.'

Mr. Roome bears abundant witness to the wisdom and statesmanship of missionaries, as well as to their fidelity and self-sacrificing zeal; and he brings forward the testimony of numerous administrators on the field to this fact. It is well to emphasize this, because it is not so very long since we were told that the missionary societies must not put forward the Sermon on the Mount in opposition to the pronouncements of the Foreign Office. Now Mr. Roome is able to record how that recently Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, on returning from a visit to East Africa, said: 'The Government is out for co-operation with all the missionary societies. . . . We cannot do without them. We have seen their magnificent work, and we want to do our share in the service of Africa as a whole, for the African, body, soul, and spirit.' Just and worthy recognition is given

several times in this volume to the wonderful blend of diplomatic insight and evangelical zeal revealed in Mr. W. P. Livingstone's record of Dr. Laws's work in Livingstonia, and it will never be known how much of life and treasure has been saved by the administration and influence of such men as he. He quotes Sir F. Lugard, until recently Governor of Nigeria, who declares that 'To the eminently practical, unostentatious, and successful work of Dr. Laws and his colleagues of the Livingstonia Mission, and to the other Scottish missions in Nyassaland, it has already been my privilege to bear witness. Though that country was, when I knew it, unappropriated by any European power, and the scene of some of the worst barbarities of the slave-raider, the missions with remarkable restraint refrained from using their influence to acquire secular power, or to precipitate the inevitable conflict with the aggressive forces of Islam, though they appreciated its aims.' That is high tribute from one who knows the problem from within and knows it in all its aspects.

In his two concluding chapters, having shown the pathos and the urgency of the situation he deals with the practical question, How is the redemption of Africa to be achieved? Starting from the proposition that 'the new Africa will never be built up on social and political ideas, however good they may be, if they are divorced from Christianity,' he turns to consider by what means a unified Protestant Evangelism is to produce and work a scheme that shall be adequate for the continent as a whole. To his mind the prime need is 'a united Christendom led by the power of the Holy Spirit'; and, if that is a primary truth of our European Church life, it is a hundred times more true where our disunion is faced by the menace of Islam. Is it an attainable goal? He is inclined to think it is; and, although it is impossible here to do more than suggest his grounds for so thinking, a few strategic positions may be mentioned. There is, firstly, the encouragement afforded by the Bolenge

Conference of 1921, at which the Protestant missionaries of the Belgian Congo gathered together ; and the Conference of 1922 at Kikuyu. The former was concerned largely with co-operation in respect of schools, hospitals, &c., whereby, in the necessary adjuncts of missionary work, united action might be arrived at. In the latter there is expressed—under the influence of the Lambeth Appeal for Reunion—the conviction ‘ that it is their insistent duty to endeavour to the utmost to remove the disabilities which are to a large extent preventing the formation of a united Church in Kenya Colony and Protectorate, especially among the native Christians.’ Secondly, there is the emergence of the Native African Church, in which our Western cleavages and historical tragedies have no place. The Native Anglican Church of Uganda is self-supporting, self-controlling, self-propagating ; and that seems to be an augury of better things. Much the same characteristic of strong and self-supporting, self-controlling native Churches is to be seen on the Congo, in the Gold Coast Colony, where the European agency finds it more and more possible and desirable to give the power of initiative to the native Christians. Some very remarkable figures betokening advance are given on pp. 154 and 155. Mr. Roome concludes his book with a suggested scheme for Equatorial Africa, concerning which it can only be said that, granted the measure of mutual goodwill among the Churches concerned, the New Age would be at hand for Africa. But is it there ? That is the tragedy and the shame of it all.

W. FIDDIAN MOULTON.

ALBRECHT DÜRER, 1528-1928

FOUR centuries have passed since Nuremberg mourned the greatest and noblest of her sons, and each succeeding century has witnessed the growing and enduring fame of the most eminent artist Germany has produced. From New York to Vienna, interest is focused upon his work, and Nuremberg finds itself host to the numberless pilgrims who come to offer their marks of reverent affection. London has been fortunate in the opportunity of studying his work afresh in the British Museum and at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society. The latter exhibition was important, not simply for its completeness, but even more so on account of the very fine state of most of the plates. Such a rare opportunity of seeing his engraved work at its best is not likely to recur, and it is appreciated by student and connoisseur alike.

Albrecht Dürer died on April 6, 1528, after a short and sudden illness, and the city learned of his unexpected death with a poignant and universal grief. The burin was stayed in the engraver's hand, the sound of the goldsmith's hammer and the humming of the forges was stilled, the makers of books which had so often been enriched by Dürer's genius ceased to turn their printing presses, and the merchants and city councillors felt once again the vanity of their earthly treasure in mourning one who, throughout all his life, had looked at death with an enigmatic smile. Perkheimer's moving elegy reveals their sense of loss. 'Why, O hapless one, hast thou suddenly left thy sorrowing friend and hastened away with rapid steps, never to return again? It was not granted to me even to touch thy dear head, or to grasp thy hand and say a last word of farewell to thee, for hardly hast thou laid thy tired limbs down to rest when death snatches thee hastily away.' Luther's tribute—'With regard to Dürer, it well becomes the pious to mourn for the best of men'—was no

unmeaning tribute, for his character was as impressive as his art was admirable. We can see how, in his travels to the Lowlands, his personality impressed itself upon his contemporaries, and even the great lords show their eagerness for his society. Every way he reveals himself as a man of courage, decision, earnest purpose, and yet a spirit of puckish humour is always near. We cannot detach the man from his work, and his broad yet deep human sympathy gives even the fairest criticism of his work something of a grudging aspect.

This beauty of spirit was enhanced by his physical charm, and we know that his personal appearance was impressive. The description of him by Camerarius is probably not exaggerated. 'Nature had given him a body remarkable for its form and proportion, and proper to the beautiful spirit which it contained. His head was full of intelligence, his eyes brilliant, the nose finely formed. . . . But it was impossible to see anything more lovely than his hand, while such was the sweetness and charm of his voice that his hearers only grieved when he ceased to speak.' Dürer himself appears not entirely unconscious of this charm, and indulges in some playful banter at the expense of his friend Perkheimer: 'You want to be a regular silk tail, if only you were as taking a fellow as I am.' We can realize something of his nobility of countenance from the various portraits. The 'Albertina' drawing—the remarkable achievement of a boy of thirteen years—reveals a face of fine character, of passionate sincerity, and a wondering sense of youthful surprise. It portrays a sensitive and alert mind, tinged with melancholy and yet marked by a playful humour which betokens a capacity for the pleasures as well as the pains of life. In the later portraits the youthful beauty has taken on a graver aspect. The Munich example reveals a powerful intellect that is illumined by both pity and love. He looks out upon the world with a profound and meditative vision, and in the solemn beauty of those eyes and the sensitive

mouth we feel there is manifested a certain divinity, so that it was not unfitting that it should have been compared to the face of the crucified Saviour.

His nature is so complex that it almost defies analysis. He is not oblivious to his fame, and speaks with a tinge of arrogant confidence in his own powers. 'Sir, it cannot be better done,' he writes to one who had ventured on a criticism of his work, and he takes a simple delight in recounting his reception by the painters at Antwerp. 'The painters invited me to their hall with my wife and maid. . . . As I was being led to the table every one on both sides stood up as if they were leading some great lord.' Yet it is the same Dürer who looks at his paintings and feels that 'there are others who will ably treat of this art, better indeed than I can do, for, knowing my deficiencies, I think but little of my own work.'

Like Leonardo da Vinci he is typical of the spirit of the Renaissance in his insatiable thirst for knowledge, yet there still clings about him the spirit and habit of the mediaeval mind. He writes with a merry joyousness, and his letters display the coarse but homely humour of the time. He laughs mischievously, and in the midst of his philosophy is still a convivial soul who can delight in the four cans of wine presented by the magistrates of Antwerp. Yet when he is moved deeply we see his profoundly religious nature, and there are few books of devotion that would not be enriched by such a prayer as this :

Deliver us in due time, uphold in us the right and true Christian faith. Gather together Thy far-scattered sheep by Thy voice, in the scripture called Thy godly word. Help us that we may know this Thy voice, and may follow no other deceiving call of human error, that we may not, O Lord Jesus Christ, fall away from Thee.

Nor is this—which might have been composed as a collect for Epiphany—any the less beautiful :

O Highest Heavenly Father, pour into our hearts through Thy Son Jesus Christ such a light that we may know thereby which

messenger we are to obey, so that with good conscience we may lay aside all other burdens and may serve the Eternal and Heavenly Father with free and joyful hearts.

If we cannot dissociate the man from his art, still less can we dissociate him from his native city. It held something of a native fascination, and, despite tempting offers from Venice and Antwerp, he would not sever his connexion with it. He explains his refusal in a letter in which he records 'the peculiar love and affection which I bore to your honourable wisdoms and to my fatherland.' He finds his inspiration in this mediaeval city, with its pointed towers, winding river, steep rocks, and its moated fortifications, that were a source of perennial interest to his scientific mind. Nuremberg is staged as the background of his work, since he discerns in its character an essential kinship with his fantastic visions and mediaeval ideas.

Standing upon the chief trade route between Venice and the Lowland countries, Nuremberg was the natural outlet for the commerce of Germany. It became rich and prosperous, and took to itself the cultures of other lands, but remained patiently industrious amidst its increasing wealth. Its love of art and the sciences were such as to attract the pioneers of the new learning, but it still retained its German and mediaeval character. It took the workers from their little wooden houses in the mountain villages and banded them into powerful trade guilds, in which the desire of strange craftsmanship triumphed over every artistic impulse. To produce the most amazing feats of technical dexterity and cunning workmanship became the ambition of master and apprentice alike. No longer could they be content with the rude simplicity of the eleventh- or twelfth-century Gothic as we see it in the Gröningen relief of 'Christ and the Apostles' at Berlin, or the figures of the apostles at the cathedral church of Halberstadt. Now stone and metal must be twisted and turned into every distorted and fanciful shape with which a perverted art could beguile itself. The

swift decadence is revealed when we turn from the bronze figures of Heinrich the Palier at the 'Schöne Brunnen' to the 'Stations of the Cross' of Adam Kraft a century later. Nowhere do we discern the deep human power which was elsewhere infusing into painting and sculpture a sense of passionate aspiration to express, not merely the superficial forms of things, but the underlying unity which it is the function of the artist to evoke; so that upon the superfluous detail of life he might impose the rhythmic unity of design and make patiently visible his mysterious sense of the universal life which gives to the meanest flower the power to evoke a romantic adoration.

Dürer is a realist, and as a realist he sets out to draw whatever lies to his hand with an amazing insight and power of observation. His work is an incisive commentary upon his period, and we may learn more of the life of Nuremberg from the pages of his sketch-book than from many of the contemporary records. He holds the moving pageantry of the world at the point of his pencil, and records it sometimes with an amused gesture of disdain, but more often with a feeling of reverence. 'Lady dressed for church at Nuremberg.' 'In this style Nuremberg ladies go to the dance.' 'This was the armour of a knight worn in Germany.' The breadth of his sympathy is amazing. He draws with an exquisite sensibility the timorous hare, and is fascinated by a monstrous pig. He is a poet in his love for natural forms, and portrays grasses, flowers, trees, and rocks with a new and rare power of observation. He is to be the eyes of the new world, revealing to the sedulous Northern mind the unrealized wonder and beauty of the earth about them. He can take a common jest about a magpie and turn it into a masterpiece, or, like his predecessors, draw the mythical centaurs of antiquity, but his genius most finely expresses itself in drawings such as the 'Sketch of a Dog' at the British Museum or the 'Praying Hands' in Vienna. But above all he draws Nuremberg, and in the 'St. Antony'

or 'The Sea Monster' we see with what consummate mastery he has woven the battlemented towers and moated walls into his designs.

This power of graphic realism has its own dangers, and, unless it is balanced by other qualities, soon degenerates into a mere photographic representation. With Dürer, the living interest in natural appearance, the rocky structure of the landscape, the dark masses of forests standing rigid against the heaped clouds of a stormy sky, was held in obedience to the visionary and imaginative power of his mind. He still retains the faith of the Middle Ages, with its rich symbolism and bizarre imagery, and in his work the relation of art to religion reaches its culminating point. Later there were many more religious pictures painted, but none painted more religiously. We can turn from the Crucifixions of Tintoretto or Perugino to Dürer's 'Christ on the Cross' at Dresden and feel that in its intensity of feeling, the simplicity of its design, and the exquisite beauty of its colour, it is unsurpassed by any other master of the Renaissance. In his engravings we may observe how the exact notation of each detail is used to render more vividly the profound reveries and dreams in which the essential quality of his genius finds expression. Even as he drew the familiar forms which lay to his hand they were transformed, and composed themselves into some weird and spectral fantasy that grew out of his contemplative spirit brooding upon the unanswered enigmas of life. Through this distinctive quality of his mind he holds together the world visible and invisible as one. The country-side lies peaceful and undisturbed whilst the Archangel Michael and the holy angels are fighting the great dragon, and the peaceful valleys in their serene beauty remain unconscious of the vials of wrath that are being opened in the clouds above. In busy Nuremberg he dreams, and his poetic nature finds itself in love with all the ancient myths and haunting melodies that have lingered on from his Hungarian ancestors. He discovers within himself strange creatures, riding on massive clouds

or drawn by ancient gods across the gold-bespangled waters. He will dwarf his city, with its noble spires, into insignificance beneath the powerful figure of Nemesis, and then inhabit its courts and winding streams with Madonnas, angels, and armed warriors passing from this world to the next. Through this rich creativeness of fancy he clothes the mediaeval legends with new and still more fantastic shapes and yet can express in a language precise and definite the new and rich current of ideas, the moral energy and intellectual ferment, which mark the tide of Renaissance culture northwards. Sometimes this exuberant and quick sensitiveness to the forms of life in their subtle and elusive characteristics entangles him with its unceasing, minute, and elaborate detail, so that the essential vision is clouded. But where his genius is moving on that high and lofty plane of apocalyptic imagery, or aroused by the social evils of his time, envisaging the grave issues and responsibilities of human life, he achieves a unity of aesthetic expression that is unequalled by any other German painter.

He strives after perfection, and is never afraid to repeat himself until he is conscious of gaining his desire. He explores to its uttermost limit the possibilities of the graver's line, and seeks to crystallize within it the glimpses of eternal beauty vouchsafed to him in his dreams. Let the student compare the early version of the 'Virgin on the Crescent' (C.D. 21) and the 'Virgin with a Starry Crown' (C.D. 48) with the masterly 'Virgin on the Crescent' of 1514 (C.D. 75), and he cannot fail to notice the increased sense of rhythm and simplification of design, with a greater sense of repose and intensity of maternal feeling. He will draw and engrave in uncounted forms the weapons, the forged breastplates, the helmets, the skulls which once sought safety in them, animals and leafless trees, until in one supreme moment they are welded together into some masterpiece of design. It seems as though he is always unconsciously preparing himself for that noble composition in which he records his final

and inviolable answer to the challenge of sin and death. He had looked on death twice as it had visited his home, and there is a strange and terrible literary power in his description of his mother's last moments. Yet out of the agony of that scene he has created a spirit of fortitude which is embodied in the engraving of 'The Knight Death and the Devil,' which illustrates, perhaps more than any other, his tremendous moral and dramatic power. Its realism is matched by its supreme imaginative insight, and its wealth of detail is never allowed to outweigh its pictorial quality. This knight rides on, and, having put sin behind him, can with a quiet and resolute smile pass by the menacing figure of death. He knows that just beyond the battle of this mortal life there is peace, and, listening not to the voices of death, he will go with unperturbed spirit to receive the crown of life.

In the illustrations to the Apocalypse, Dürer reveals himself as the social prophet. Kings, emperors, popes, priests, together with the common people, are involved in the destructions that come upon the earth. He has represented them with a vivid insight into the inner meaning of that book which so fascinated the Middle Ages. The figures are clothed with strength and a strange and terrible beauty, and he is more successful in illustrating the woes than the rewards of life. This is exemplified in the plates of 'The Four Angels' and 'The Four Horsemen.' No description can convey any adequate idea of the spiritual power and pitiless, menacing aspect of this latter plate. These four riders, with the dread figure of death coming last—a gaunt, withered old man whose staring eyes are bare in their sockets—trample down merchants, burghers, monks, women, and peasants. But, along with its tremendous imaginative power, it compels our admiration by the subtlety of design and the plastic quality which here reveals Dürer as the supreme artist. There is a sense of movement throughout the composition, and an amazing vitality in the unifying rhythms. These horsemen

will never pause in their dread charge. They have come from some mysterious sphere which lies beyond our earthly vision, and they are bearing their woes onward into an unseen future, so that we may neither see the beginning of their desolating onslaught nor may predict its end. It is one of Dürer's greatest achievements in unifying a profound spiritual vision with a complete and satisfying aesthetic expression.

The position of Dürer in the history of art has been recently challenged, and Mr. Roger Fry, who has done more than any one else to raise the whole standard of aesthetic criticism and artistic culture, refuses him a place in the highest class of creative genius. If creative art is to be accented entirely upon the formal elements of design, and the only considerations for our judgement concern plastic and spatial relations, then Dürer may not be of the highest rank of creative artists. Yet even here a prolonged analysis of his work would reveal his power to transmute 'the visual values of natural objects into plastic and spatial values' equally with some of the Italian or Flemish artists who are placed above him. But, when the present reaction against subject and dramatic interest in a work of art has passed, there will ensue a truer recognition of the supremacy of the imaginative faculty. No longer shall we be asked to accept the dull pedestrianism of 'Morning' as the highest achievement of the human spirit, or prostrate ourselves in ecstatic adulation of the drawing of M. Georges Roualt. A juster appreciation of the imperishable genius of Albrecht Dürer will then be possible, and a finer understanding of the harmonies he achieved between his purely intellectual conceptions and the passionate impulse of his creative spirit. In his engravings, as in his paintings, he solved the problem of bringing into a unity the profoundest intellectual content with psychological insight and formal beauty, and in himself he closes, as he had opened, a new chapter in German art.

ARTHUR B. BATEMAN.

Notes and Discussions

ROME AND REUNION

THE reception of the papal encyclical, *Mortalium animos* (January 6, 1928), on the Continent, and especially in Germany, is in striking contrast to the slight and inadequate notice that has been taken of it in English journals. Dr. G. Ohlemüller, editor of the *Protestantische Rundschau*, publishes¹ an authorized German translation of the text, with an Introduction in which he dwells on the refusal of the Vatican to take part in the World Conferences at Stockholm and Lausanne, and rightly finds the motive of the encyclical and the explanation of the sharpness of its tone in the necessity of issuing a counterblast proclaiming Rome's unchanging demand for submission as the essential condition of reunion. Another useful publication² contains 'Criticisms' of the encyclical by foremost leaders of thought in the Old Catholic and Holy Orthodox as well as in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. To some of these instructive utterances reference will be made.

It is 'on fostering religious unity'—*de vera religionis unitate fovenda*—that the Pope addresses his 'venerable brethren.' But the opening paragraphs of his letter draw an unfavourable contrast between political movements for more closely uniting the nations, which are highly commended, and religious movements for promoting unity among Christians, which are not only disapproved, but also denounced as subversive of the Catholic faith. In conventions held for this purpose it is stated that 'without distinction' persons join in the discussion—'both infidels of every kind and Christians, even those who have, unhappily, fallen away from Christ, or who with obstinacy and pertinacity deny His divine nature and mission.' For these and similar reasons 'it is clear that the Apostolic See cannot on any terms take part in their assemblies, nor is it any way lawful for Catholics either to support or to work for such enterprises; for if they do so they will be giving countenance to a false Christianity quite alien to the one Church of Christ.'

Non-Catholic advocates of Reunion are described as 'that class of men who are known as *pan-Christians*,' and much controversy has arisen concerning the meaning which this ambiguous designation was intended to convey. In the Roman Catholic journal, *Germania*,

¹ *Protestantische Studien*, Heft 12: 'Amtliche römisch-katholische Kundgebungen zur Einigungsfrage der christlichen Kirchen.'

² *Kritische Stimmen* zum päpstlichen Rundschreiben über die Einigungsfrage der Kirchen.

Father Privilla, S.J., asserted that the Pope did not, as had been affirmed, invent the word as a new title for heretics, but adopted it from the Protestant literature which had its origin in the world conferences. An appeal was made to Dr. Deissmann, whose reply is quoted by Professor Hermelink in his article on 'Echoes of the Encyclical' (*Die Christliche Welt*, March 17). In giving his judgement, Dr. Deissmann lifts the discussion from mere logomachy to an elucidation of the fundamental principles involved. He is unable to recall any use in the Reunion literature of the 'ugly' German substantive, *Panchrist*, or of the corresponding English or French words; but occasionally the adjective *pan-Christian* does occur. The Vatican scholars may have formed the substantive from the adjective. But, whatever may be the origin of the word, the significance given to it by the Pope is unmistakable. 'With this new epithet those who take part in oecumenical movements are branded as heretics and separated from "those who are of Christ." The actual words of the encyclical are: "For this reason it is that all who are truly Christ's (*quotquot vere sunt Christi*) believe, for example, the Conception of the Mother of God without stain of original sin, with the same faith as they believe the mystery of the August Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Lord, just as they do the infallible teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff according to the sense in which it was defined by the Oecumenical Council of the Vatican."'

An outspoken article, entitled *Roma locuta—causa finita*, by Pfarrer Kreuzer, of Freiburg-Breisgau, clearly states the Old Catholic point of view. '*Causa finita!* the work of reunion is not ended by the blows of this paper cudgel; on the contrary, it has now a rational beginning, being rid of a problem which, from the first, has been insoluble. . . . The special task of Christendom, free from Rome, is to liberate our Roman Catholic brethren from the yoke of anti-Christian Rome.' Special interest attaches to the dignified words of Archbishop Germanos of Thyateira, who is this year's President of the Stockholm Continuation Committee, which meets in Prague in August. The passage in the encyclical to which his criticism takes exception is that which contends that the charity of pan-Christians tends to injure faith. 'Since charity is based on a complete and sincere faith, the disciples of Christ must be united principally by the bond of one faith . . . unity can only arise from one teaching authority, one law of belief, and one faith of Christians.' To this argument the honoured prelate of the Holy Orthodox Church makes effective reply; having made grateful reference to the present friendly relations of the Eastern Churches to the Churches of the West and of America, the Archbishop proceeds: 'These relations show that, above and beyond the differences between the Churches, there is nevertheless a bond of unity which makes them one, and this bond is the common Christian confession. The fruit of this faith is love in action. . . . It has shown how false is the last statement made by the supreme head of the Romish Church that love cannot subsist between Christians unless it rests upon a complete agreement in

faith. That was not the attitude of the Apostle Paul, who taught the supremacy of love.'

Professor Hermelink regards the publication of the encyclical as intended to be the papal explanation of the breaking off of the conversations at Malines. There are, indeed, several passages which are directed against those who dislike being called Protestants and yet are spoken of by the Pope as *acatholici*, to which logical contradiction Archbishop Söderblom directs attention: '*Aromani, non-Romani, unromani* would be possible. . . . *Acatholicus*, non-catholic, or anti-catholic, exclusive, anti-universal, should therefore apply exactly to the Roman Communion, just as well as oecumenical, catholic, can on the whole only be used for such men and tendencies as are being condemned by the encyclical.' By whatever name non-Roman Christians are called, the Papal condemnation includes all 'without distinction.' For although there are a few who would 'grant to the Roman Pontiff a primacy of honour, or even a certain jurisdiction of power . . . yet you will find none at all to whom it ever occurs to submit to and obey the Vicar of Christ either in His capacity as a teacher or as a governor.' There is general agreement amongst critics who represent many different schools of thought that the encyclical has heightened the walls which separate Roman Catholics from all other Christians. Professor Hermelink draws the irresistible conclusion: 'If the Reunion of the separated is possible only by their repentance and return in submission to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope, then it may be said with confidence that the majority even of Anglo-Catholics will certainly not tread that path.'

J. G. TASKER.

JOSEPHINE BUTLER

MOST reforms have been carried through by a small but growing band of men, faced by evils which every one recognizes but no one else dares to think of opposing. This year there falls the commemoration of a reform, inspired and, it might almost be said, started by a single woman, with neither influence nor position in society, and launched against an evil whose very existence most people refused to believe in or to contemplate. And yet, while the history of the struggle for most reforms has stretched over weary years, sometimes outliving their original champions, Mrs. Butler and the little undaunted group of women and men that ranged itself at her side saw, within seventeen years of the commencement of their struggle, the complete attainment, in this country, of their immediate aims; and to-day the majority of English people are as little aware of the horror of the C.D. Acts as they were when Mrs. Butler first heard the call of God bidding her lift up her voice against them.

Josephine Elizabeth Grey was born on April 13, 1828, in Northumberland, of a family of Huguenot extraction. Through her father's

¹ All quotations from the encyclical letter are taken from the authorized English translation issued by the publishers to the Holy See.

care she received an education that was at once wide and coloured by deep religious feelings ; and one of the strongest and most abiding memories of her youth was her terrible distress when she first realized what the American slave-trade meant for women and girls. At the age of twenty-three she married George Butler, who was then teaching in Oxford, and five years later she moved with him to Cheltenham, and then to Liverpool. Here she began to visit the workhouse, and, appalled by the helplessness of drifting and ' fallen ' women, decided, with her husband, to take some of them into their house. But she could not stop there. She saw that she was merely dealing with a symptom of a deep-seated and apparently spreading disease ; and in three years from her arrival in Liverpool she had thrown herself into what was to be the great work of her life, and the beginning of a movement which was to spread through every country of the world, and has hardly reached its mid course to-day.

In 1864 was passed the first of the Contagious Diseases Acts—Acts, as they might be called, for the State regulation of vice. The example that was followed in these Acts was set by Napoleon I in France ; but the conviction which lay beneath them is as old as our European society itself, and far older ; namely, that chastity cannot be expected from the average man, and that therefore some provision for the satisfaction of his desires is as natural as are the desires themselves. Hence has arisen and flourished what men have callously called ' the oldest profession in the world.' Its continuance, naturally accepted by men who have been taught that they cannot be expected to be virtuous, has been acquiesced in also by women, who, when they have brought themselves to think about it at all, have seen in it a means for escaping from something even worse. The dangers to public health involved in self-indulgence of this kind could not escape the notice of any whose lives had not been entirely sheltered ; but they became far more obvious with the existence of the large military and naval forces inaugurated by the Napoleonic wars. Would not the dangers be met if prostitution could be regulated, and only those women allowed to ply their trade who were officially certified as free from disease ?

The suggestion was plausible ; by the middle of the last century it was almost universally held on the Continent ; and by a series of Acts, passed in 1864, 1866, and 1869, it was introduced to seaports and garrison towns in England, with a strong hope, among the extremest advocates of the system, of a wide extension. When the third of these Acts was passed, the Ladies' National Association for Repeal was founded, and Mrs. Butler from the beginning acted as its secretary. Looking on the matter as a direct call from heaven, she flung herself into the fight against the Acts ; she successfully inspired, and even led, the opposition at elections to candidates who championed them ; she interviewed members of the Government ; she travelled extensively on the Continent, holding meetings, arousing public opinion, and appealing to the authorities, often in the face of the most determined opposition, and by no means without personal danger. At

home she formed a committee for the suppression of the white slave traffic. In 1886 the last of the Acts was removed from the statute-book, and the victory was won.

The State regulation of vice is now everywhere on the defensive ; all the facts go to prove that it is quite powerless to diminish either prostitution or disease, and that it is a source of dangerous corruption among any body of police who are entrusted with its administration. But it was not on this consideration that Mrs. Butler laid the chief stress. Nor was it even that the State, by thus legalizing vice, was practically setting itself against religion and morality alike ; nor even that it was openly recognizing the double standard for men and women, making conduct safe and easy for men for which it regulated and inspected and even penalized women. What, above all, carried her through those years of labour was the sense of the appalling slavery to which women were condemned by the Acts. Once marked down as a prostitute, if the law were administered at all strictly, it was practically impossible for a woman to escape. She was forced to remain under the eye of the police. Even perfectly innocent girls might be arrested—or entrapped. Incredible as it sounds, a state of things was revealed which could not be exceeded by the worst features of American negro slavery. The young girl whose heart was broken, as she wrote, 'concerning the injustice to women through this conspiracy of greed and gold and lust of the flesh,' was the woman who faced 'a sort of international league of the doctors, supported by the institutions of continental Europe.'

It is difficult in these days to imagine the intense bitterness with which she and her friends were assailed ; bitterness born of fear and—shall we say?—guilt. Governments looked on them with contempt and anger ; newspapers tried to stamp them out ; the majority in the Church itself smiled scorn on their protests, and all kinds of figures were arrayed against them. Their most influential friend in the House of Commons was Mr. (later, Sir James) Stansfeld, previously a member of the Government. *The Times* solemnly regretted 'that a statesman of Mr. Stansfeld's eminence should identify himself with such a hysterical crusade, in which it is impossible to take part without herding with prurient and cynical fanatics.'

Mrs. Butler has told the story of those seventeen years in her *Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade* (republished by Horace Marshall, 1911), which also contains the account of her fight, at first almost single-handed, against the Continental system—far worse, it must be confessed, than anything that had been possible in England. After her visit to the Prefecture of Morals in Paris, she writes that *Service des Mœurs* clearly and palpably means *Service de Débauche*. In England the victory has been won. But even in England we cannot regard the danger as altogether past. The price of victory, as of liberty, is eternal vigilance ; and, although it is not probable that a proposal will ever be made to revive the C.D. Acts in their original brutality, the causes which placed them on the statute-book and kept them there for seventeen unhappy years, and have kept them in

being for a far longer period for military and naval posts abroad, are still in operation: fear—let us put it frankly—and lust, and the determination to make women serve what are held to be the necessities of men. To those who are actuated by these passions, it is nothing that the facts, calmly considered, are all against them, and that medical opinion is steadily and firmly coming round to the opposite side, namely, that regulation is helpless, of itself, to check disease. We may well be thankful, indeed, for such a remarkable reversal of opinion; and we must be prepared to press it home. But we must not rely on it as our one weapon.

Mrs. Butler made but little use of it. Indeed, she could not have appealed to the facts which are now at our disposal. She chose to wage war on a different field. She aimed at the heart of the enemy's position. 'This is not a matter,' she said in effect, 'of either health or prudential considerations. It is one of morals, of humanity, of religion. You shall not turn women into slaves, into means for your own gratification. You shall not judge men by one standard and women by another. You shall not legalize vice.' The society which has devoted itself to carrying out her principles—the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, of which Mr. Thomas Ferens is the treasurer—insists upon this. Paradoxically, as it would seem, and yet with entire sanity, it maintains, in what is after all the traditional spirit of our English common law, that vice *as such* can never be fought by legislation; that the only weapons which can prevail against it are weapons of another temper. Prostitution, with all the terrible evils that accompany it, cannot be lessened by attempting to regulate the prostitute. It is not enough to try to lessen the supply; we must attack the demand. Instead of devising restraints for women, we must have faith in men.

'Impossible!' cries the cynical wisdom of the world. 'We do not believe it'; or even, 'We will not have it.' But, none the less, it is the conviction which is animating the combatants in the world-wide struggle which Josephine Butler inaugurated. For, while the various nations of the world, co-operating with the League of Nations Commission, are tracking down the agents who still carry on the nefarious traffic in women and children, they are coming to recognize that the health of their seamen and their soldiers alike must be preserved, not by providing them with safe means for their gratification, but by clubs and other avenues for healthy amusement and social life (see, for example, *Health and Empire*, the journal of the British Social Hygiene Council; Constable & Co.). The work of the actual reclamation of the fallen, men or women, is full of difficulty, though perhaps not so difficult as is often imagined. But loyalty to the fundamental principles of justice and freedom for all, even for those least able to protect themselves, and to the duty of removing temptation and inspiring love for purity and self-control—this is the legacy of that intrepid woman whom now we delight to honour; and it is surely the call to us, as to her, of the Saviour of mankind.

W. F. LOFTHOUSE.

CHURCH UNION IN SOUTH INDIA

A RECENT Indian mail brought two documents bearing on the question of Church Union in South India. The first is the report of our own Provincial Synod for that area. It contains, in an appendix, a carefully drawn up statement by Mr. Gulliford, the convener of the Wesleyan Union Committee, giving a complete history of the negotiations between the Anglican and South India United Churches from 1920 to 1924, when the Wesleyan Church was invited to take part in the discussions, and also the subsequent work of the Joint Committee of the three Churches.

The second, and in some respects more important, document, is the Pastoral Charge delivered to his clergy in Synod by Bishop Tubbs of Tinnevely. It is entitled 'Lausanne and the South Indian Unity Proposals.' While fully recognizing the tremendous significance of the fact that such a World Conference on Faith and Order was held at all, and that its proceedings were characterized by so great a spirit of harmony and goodwill, he goes on to say, 'It is probably true that no missionary left Lausanne greatly encouraged or greatly inspired. The urgency of the question of Union from the point of view of the mission field was brought before the Conference by representatives like Dr. Lew of China and Bishop Azariah of India. Yet when a very mild expression of gratitude to God for the movement towards unity on the mission field was suggested, it was challenged by Bishop Gore, who feared lest these should result in postponing the 'larger unity' for which he longs. Bishop Tubbs draws an interesting comparison between Lausanne and the first Christian Council of Acts xv. That, too, was a council on unity, with two opposing view-points. On the one hand, there was the missionary Church of Antioch, with its ideal of inclusive Christianity and a world vision, 'a dynamic moving Church.' On the other hand, there was the home Church at Jerusalem, which stood for exclusiveness, 'static and dazzled with the glories of her prestige and position,' clinging 'to the ancient institutions which had come to her with a divine sanction.' Under the guidance of the Spirit, the problem as to whether Jerusalem would accept the wider fellowship which God had given them on the mission field was solved by a courageous decision which saved the early Church from a disastrous schism.

Lausanne, however, was animated, not by the spirit of adventure, but of fear. 'The leaders were afraid of committing themselves. It was dangerous to go forward; they did not recognize that it was more dangerous to sit still.' In private conversation there was evident a wistful looking towards the mission field for the solution of problems which at home seem insoluble. Apparently the South Indian scheme for Union made a tremendous impression upon the delegates, with its significant suggestion for the solution of the problem which has brought the formal conferences on Union in England to a standstill—the position of the Free Church ministers in the United Church. The South India Joint Committee which

met at Trichinopoly, and at which four of the bishops of the Anglican Church in India were present, boldly and unanimously recommended that all the ministers of the three Churches ordained before Union should be recognized as ministers of the Word and of the Sacraments in the United Church after union. Such a proposal is regarded by Bishop Gore with the utmost dismay. His declaration is, 'Once a non-episcopal minister is allowed to celebrate the Sacrament at an Anglican altar, the Church of England will be rent in twain.' Against this *non possumus* attitude Bishop Tubbs takes up the cudgels with a series of arguments which occupy over eight pages of the Charge. They are drawn from the attitude of the early Church under the leadership of Augustine in the Donatist controversy, and the attitude taken up by Anglican divines towards non-episcopal ministries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There was then a clear recognition by the Church of England of the validity of non-episcopal ministries on the Continent. Moreover, although many Presbyterian ministers from the French Reformed Church were received into the Anglican Church, 'she never, except in one special case of earnest request, reordained them' (Bishop Cosin). As against Dr. Darwell Stone's dictum that 'a priest cannot be ordained without a bishop, and the Holy Eucharist cannot be consecrated without a priest, any more than a man can see without an eye,' he quotes Bishop Temple's statement, that 'it seemed to him stark idolatry to say that God would refuse His gift to any who obeyed faithfully what they believed to be the command of Christ.' He finds the 'authentic Anglican note,' in the recognition by the Episcopal members of the Joint Committee on the Lambeth Appeal of Free Church ministries, as 'blessed and owned by the Holy Spirit, real ministries of Christ's Word and Sacrament in the *Universal Church*.'

'The great constructive principle upon which the South India Joint Committee has worked, and which forms the only sure foundation for any real and enduring scheme of Union, is that 'we aim, not at compromise for the sake of peace, but at comprehension for the sake of truth.' To Bishop Tubbs it seems that, under the Providence of God, 'South India will blaze the trail for the rest of divided and distracted Christendom to follow.' The Anglican leaders in India are certainly doing their part in a courageous fashion. In February the General Council of the Anglican Church held its first meeting since it became *free from the State and independent of foreign control*. The opening resolutions on the subject of Church Union deserve full quotation :

'We have received the report of the Joint Committee on Union with thankfulness, in that it indicates the deepening desire for unity, and suggests a way to complete unity which we desire should be fully explored.

'Remembering the Constitutional Episcopate has been accepted for the United Church, and that the clearly expressed intention is to secure an episcopal ministry for the Church, we are prepared, with a view to bridging over the period till this is attained, that to all who, at the time of union, are ministers of the uniting Churches,

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should be accorded after union the position of ministers of the Word and Sacraments in the United Church.'

We may surely agree with Bishop Tubbs that the passing of such a resolution by a council representing all shades of opinion in the Anglican Church is 'an evident sign that God is calling the Church in India to make a courageous step forward to recover the unity of the Church.' Church Union in India is bound to come; the growing consciousness of Nationalism demands it. Indian Christianity will not consent for ever to be fettered and divided by the denominationalism of the West. The Christianity which is to conquer India must present more and more a united front. If the Church authorities in England frown upon the movement for Union in South India, they cannot frown it out of existence. They may merely help to create a united national Church which will regard the Churches of the West from which it has sprung in anything but a friendly spirit.

'Antioch once more makes its appeal to Jerusalem. God grant that at the Lambeth Conference in 1930, this appeal may be faced with true courage and vision.'

Truly a great-hearted and courageous Charge, and a noble final appeal. May the spirit and temper of it meet with a like response, not only at Lambeth in 1930, but in the Conference of the people called Methodists, if and when the completed scheme for union comes before that august body, and may a generous response be given the more readily, seeing that, when the Indian scheme does materialize, the Conference will be the highest court of a Church which has itself won its way through to unity and to union.

W. E. GARMAN.

AMERICA'S MAN OF DESTINY¹

'I was a giant, but nobody noticed'—the deep saying of a child after a dream—expresses well the feeling of Woodrow Wilson as a youth and a young man. After a languid period, he waked up and discovered he had a mind. There was no conceit of the vulgar, objectionable sort; but a sense of power, an overmastering consciousness that he is destined to do big things, marks all his thinking and planning. We get a glimpse of him at sixteen, sitting at his desk under a portrait of Gladstone, busily teaching himself shorthand. When his small cousin asks whose portrait it is, the boy looks up and responds: 'That is Gladstone, the greatest statesman that ever lived. I intend to be a statesman, too.' Wilson came of a Scotch-Irish stock, and from his father, a Presbyterian minister of considerable native ability, he inherited a strong instinct of leadership, an oratorical temperament, a keen delight in affairs. Neither from himself nor from others did he conceal his quite deliberate intention to fight his way to predominant influence 'even amidst the hurly-burly

¹ *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters*. Vol. I., Youth, 1856-90; Vol. II., Princeton, 1890-1910. By Ray Stannard Baker (Heinemann).

and helter-skelter of Congress.' His whole idea is to make his life of value to people, but he is not content to touch the lives of a few. No sooner is one ambition gratified than he begins to contemplate fresh conquests. He would have made an ideal dictator. For a long time, however, he is a giant unnoticed. When he sets up as a lawyer in Atlanta he fails to make his bread, let alone his butter. Over a hundred other ambitious jurists are there, and his mother is his principal, if not indeed his only, client. In journalism, too, he finds but poor picking for a time. But, though cast down, he is not in despair. Abandoning the law, he applies himself to further study that he may qualify as a teacher. While he is yet a post-graduate student in Johns Hopkins University he writes a book on *Congressional Government*. His real interest is politics, and into that book he throws the whole weight of his intellectual strength, and wins thereby, not only literary fame, but an appointment as a lecturer in Bryn Mawr, a college just opening its doors. There are occasions when he lectures to only one woman student, and yet at Bryn Mawr he schools and disciplines himself to become the most brilliant university lecturer in the States. From Bryn Mawr he goes to the Wesleyan University, where he spends the happiest two years of his life—a delightful place to work, but not sufficiently stimulating; thence he comes to Princeton, the crown of his educational ambition, where he achieves great honour, vast and ever-increasing influence, but where also he has to pass through one of the deepest and darkest valleys of humiliation that a man can know. The second volume ends with his resignation of the presidency of Princeton. Bitter and ironic are the circumstances that make that resignation inevitable; his one consolation is that it affords him the long-desired opportunity of entering public life.

To use a phrase of the author, this biography is 'no paper presentation of a public man.' Woodrow Wilson is indeed fortunate in the man who has been chosen to chronicle his career. It was not until 1918 that Mr. Ray Stannard Baker came into intimate contact with President Wilson. Appointed in December of that year to direct the Press arrangements of the Peace Commission, he saw him frequently, and was much with him in the sad years that followed. He has gone through all his private papers and examined five tons of documents, besides collecting personal reminiscences which give life and colour to the book. Wilson disliked the writers who talked about themselves, and, though often importuned to publish his memoirs, replied invariably in the negative. But some 1,200 letters passed between him and his wife, and his letters to friends were never the kind that men throw away, and in these letters, full of self-revelations, Wilson comes alive.

Woodrow Wilson knew the experience of evangelical conversion. Brought up in an intensely religious atmosphere, it was almost inevitable that he should come to a religious reckoning. It was when he was sixteen, studying at Columbia, that he came into contact with a young man named Brooke, who held religious meetings in his

room. The meetings grew so large that a move had ultimately to be made to a one-story brick stable which then served as the chapel of the seminary. Years later, when Wilson, now President of the United States, came again to Columbia, he paused in the doorway of that humble building. 'I felt,' he said, 'as though I ought to take off my shoes. This is holy ground.' Religion never became incidental with him. Without it he regarded life as 'a furnace without a fire, a pursuit without a goal, a measurement without a standard.' He describes the effect upon him of a meeting with Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist :

I was in a very plebeian place. I was in a barber's shop, sitting in a chair, when I became aware that a personality had entered the room. A man had come quietly in upon the same errand as myself, and sat in the next chair to me. Every word that he uttered, though it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and, before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service, because Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name, but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left that place as I should have left a place of worship.

Wilson became a member of the Presbyterian Church, but his father's hope that he would enter the ministry was destined to be disappointed. His leanings were in another direction.

There is much in these volumes that foreshadows the tragic close of Woodrow Wilson's career. The man was incurably shy. His Scotch reserve and his Southern pride made him seem cold and hard. The art of compromise was alien to his nature. He had no opinions. He had only convictions which were part of his very being. He found it difficult to appreciate the point of view of the other man, and he lacked the conciliatory gift. Though he played the lone hand exceedingly well, he suffered by holding aloof from consultation. When he was concentrating upon a big matter he was apt to overlook the details and to get impatient with the men who brought them to his notice. He got on better with crowds than with individuals. Here is a revealing word : 'I have a sense of power in dealing with men collectively which I do not feel always in dealing with them singly. In the former case the pride of reserve does not stand so much in my way as it does in the latter. One feels no sacrifice of pride necessary in courting the favour of an assembly of men such as he would have to make in seeking to please one man.' He could be adamant on occasion. Once, when a student had cheated and was to be expelled, his mother came to beg Cousin Woodrow to keep the boy in college. 'I am to have an operation,' she said, 'and I think I shall die if my boy is expelled.' 'Madam,' he answered, 'we cannot keep in college a boy reported by the student council as cheating; if we did, we should have no standard of honour. You force me to say a hard thing, but, if I had to choose between your life or my life or anybody's life and the good of this college, I should choose the good of the college.' Wilson's life was one of high drama, and such a life is rarely entirely happy.

Yet the human Wilson appears again and again in these pages. As a student he could sing a song, dance a hornpipe, tell a humorous story, play a great game of football or baseball. Singularly happy in his marriage, he wrote, every day he was absent from her, during a period of thirty years, charming love-letters to the woman he had called to his side. His struggle against ill health was life-long. In 1906 he was told by a medical adviser that he must give up everything and henceforth lead a quiet and retired life. Losing the use of his right hand, he learned to write with his left. In spite of impaired eyesight, he went on his way. Physical breakdown gave him opportunities of visiting England, where he found refreshment and stimulus. Oxford and Cambridge greatly impressed him, and it was his attempt to introduce English educational ideas into the life of Princeton that led to his severance from that institution. He had to reckon with a dean whose academic conceptions were not less tenaciously held than Wilson's own, and who could get dollars in plenty for the successful carrying out of the same. Wilson was beaten, and knew it. In September 1910 he was nominated by the Democratic Party for the Governorship of New Jersey, and so at last entered upon his fateful career as a statesman.

Those who read these pages will look forward eagerly to the succeeding volumes. There is already evidence for believing that, when complete, the work will take its place with Morley's great *Life of Gladstone*.

J. NAPIER MILNE.

THE JERUSALEM MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

A CLEAR message comes from Jerusalem in a preliminary report. The eyes of the world are fastened on Jesus Christ as they never were before, and the Church's business is to declare Him. 'He Himself is the gospel,' and the gospel is 'the gift of a new world from God to this old world of sin and death.' The end of Christian missions is the production of Christlike character in individuals and nations. The Conference calls for a more heroic practice of the gospel and for fresh devotion to the training of mankind to accept the teaching and rule of Christ. Such education is an integral part of the Church's task. The Christian Mission in Relation to Industrial and Rural Problems in Asia and Africa is impressively stated, and the support needed for the work, both in money and in young agents, is clearly shown. The shilling report is a fine summary of the recommendations of the Conference, and is to be followed by eight volumes giving a complete account of its work. It is published at Edinburgh House, Eaton Gate, S.W. 1.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

St. Paul and Paganism. By Thomas Wilson, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10s.)

THESE Gunning Lectures seek to estimate the influence which his pagan environment had on St. Paul. He was born into a world with a great heritage—philosophical, historical, political, psychological, social, moral, and religious. He shows points of contact with this environment, not only in his doctrine, but also in his methods of writing and working. Three formative elements, Jewish, Christian, and pagan, combined in the fashioning of the apostle intellectually, religiously, and morally. This is clearly brought out in the introductory chapter, and expanded and illustrated in those that follow. St. Paul never lost the influence of his Jewish heredity and teaching, and was of all men the most Christian, but we cannot understand him apart from his pagan environment. He appreciated, and in a measure appropriated, what was religiously and morally important in the mystery religions, linked on what was of real spiritual worth 'to the personal and historic Jesus, and utilized it beneficially for the highest moral and spiritual needs of the soul.' He was justly proud of his Roman citizenship, and for him the Christian life embraced in its consideration everything in heaven and earth. His teaching on 'Death and the Afterwards,' is marked by great reserve as to the final fate of the wicked, but he is perfectly assured that those who are in Christ in this life will be in His fellowship for ever. The final chapter on 'St. Paul and the Modern Mind' lays stress on the thought that humanity must take St. Paul's road to the living waters, and must go in the Spirit of the Living God and His Christ. The lectures are fresh and inspiring from first to last.

Christianity and the State. By William Temple. (Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.)

The Bishop of Manchester delivered these four lectures in Liverpool last January and February in connexion with the Henry Scott Holland Memorial. The subject is of vital importance, and the lectures are luminous and interesting in a special degree. Dr. Temple deals with the nature of the State, the grounds and limits of its authority, its relation to the welfare of citizens, and the relation of different States to one another. There are two great types of political theory—that of Aristotle, which takes the fact of society for granted, treats human nature as social in essence, and holds that some form of

government is a natural consequence ; and the Social Contract theory. The leading exponents of the two types are criticized with insight and force. Special attention is given to Spinoza, 'the one modern philosopher who is worthy to be named in the same breath with Plato.' Professor Unwin, with whom Dr. Temple is largely in agreement, regarded society as more than the State, with a life largely independent of the State. He held that social progress largely consists of the expression and development of that independence. The State is distinguished from other 'social cohesions' by the fact that it alone is entitled to use force to secure obedience to its commands. The State exceeds its province if it uses the machinery of Establishment to impose or to prohibit any forms of worship. That would be to challenge claims more august than its own. Warm tribute is paid to the League of Nations, and an appendix discusses the problem raised by the rejection of the Deposited Prayer Book. Parliament, the bishop holds, has no moral right to determine what the Prayer Book of the Established Church shall be. If it disapproves the measure, its proper course is not to reject it, but 'to pass the measure and then disestablish the Church.'

The Road to God. By Dr. Wilfred Monod. (A. & C. Black. 6s. net.)

This is a capable translation by Mrs. R. C. Gillie of *Vers Dieu, ou l'Ascension de l'homme*, from the pen of Dr. Wilfred Monod. It has a preface by the Archbishop of Upsala and an introduction by Dr. A. E. Garvie, whose joint commendation of a remarkable book by a remarkable man prepares the reader for the excellences which he speedily discovers for himself. It is intended for the use of catechumens, which is the French term for candidates for Church membership. Dr. Garvie points out that the Protestant Churches of the Continent have retained confirmation, and expresses the regret with which many will sympathize that English Nonconformity has not retained it as an appropriate complement to infant baptism. This book is so rich in illuminating material, arranged with what the Archbishop calls the perfect lucidity of the French mind, that it is equally suitable for candidates for the ministry, students in theological colleges, and other thoughtful Christians. It has three parts, entitled : 'Man Revealed to Himself through Moral Consciousness and his Divergence from the Animal,' 'Man Revealed to Himself by the Son of Man,' and 'Man Revealed to Himself by the New Birth.' Under these headings the author, who adopts the modern scientific standpoint, writes with refreshing power on the great truths of Christian theology and the religious consciousness. An alert mind suffused with evangelical passion is the impression which the reader carries away from the author's exposition of such subjects as sin, holiness, the Person of Christ, prayer, the study of the Bible, the Sacraments, and contemporary Christianity in its relation to Catholicism, and a host of other cognate themes. His treatment of Protestantism is so interesting that we regret the translation has omitted the story of modern

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Protestant development in France as of interest only to French readers. Nothing Protestant, after all, is alien to the world-Protestant consciousness. Not the least delightful feature of the book is the series of quotations from all kinds of sources—among them French writers less known to English readers—with which each chapter concludes. Dr. Wilfred Monod's personality is so great a gift to our common Christianity that this book should gain for him a wide circle of English friends.

God and His Works: being selections from Part I. of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. By A. G. Herbert, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

This is the fortieth of the *Texts for Students* which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is providing for lovers and readers of the patriotic writers. It is a timely addition to this excellent series. Few people have access to the *Summa Theologica*, and, if a copy is secured, the very bulk and massiveness of the treatise is apt to daunt the student. Hence the wisdom of providing selections of the text, as is here done for the main lines of the argument of Part I., which deals with the nature and being of God, the divine operation, the Holy Trinity, and creation. Mr. Herbert writes helpfully in introducing this section to would-be students, and his title-summaries of each article of the various *Quaestiones* is a useful guide to the subject-matter of the text. Mr. Herbert believes that it is easier to follow St. Thomas's thought in the original than in a translation; at all events, if an alternative to an English version is desired, this book may be heartily recommended to the student as a help towards the mastery of the original Latin text.

Revelation and Inspiration. By Benjamin B. Warfield. (Milford. 15s. net.)

Dr. Warfield was for thirty-three years Professor of Theology in Princeton University, and provided in his will for the publication of his articles on theological subjects. This is the first of the series, and its ten articles are largely concerned with the subject of inspiration. Scripture is 'the final revelation of God, completing the whole disclosure of His unfathomable love to lost sinners, the whole proclamation of His purposes of grace, and the whole exhibition of His gracious provisions for their salvation.' Over against the numberless discordant theories of inspiration which vex our time, Dr. Warfield says there stands a well-defined Church doctrine of inspiration. It looks on the Bible as an oracular book which may be finally appealed to at any point with the assurance that it gives us the Word of God. Christendom has always rested on the belief that the utterances of the book are properly oracles of God. That position is set forth with impressive confidence. The New Testament writers bear testimony to the divine origin and qualities of Scripture, and do not for a moment imagine themselves, as ministers of a new covenant, less in possession

of the Spirit of God than the ministers of the old covenant. 'The real problem of inspiration' is whether the basis of our doctrine is to be what the Bible teaches or what men teach, and it can only be settled on our estimate of the weight and value of the evidence which places the Bible in our hands as a teacher of doctrine. The word *θεόπνευστος* affirms that 'the Scriptures owe their origin to an activity of God the Holy Ghost, and are in the highest and truest sense His creation. It is on this foundation of divine origin that all the high attributes of Scripture are built.' That is the spirit of Dr. Warfield's book, and his points are put with great lucidity and high conviction.

Eustathius of Antioch and his Place in the Early History of Christian Doctrine. By R. V. Sells. (Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.)

This is an important and instructive study of the stream of thought which led up to the Council of Nicaea. Eustathius was probably the bishop who delivered the opening address to the Emperor, and was one of the foremost opponents of Arius. At Antioch he had to deal with the Lucianic school, who denied the place of the human soul in Christ. He refused to ordain six of the students trained under Lucian, and made himself so obnoxious to the Eusebian party that a charge of immorality was concocted, and Eustathius was deposed and banished. That did not silence him. He really laid the foundation for the system of Theodore of Mopsuestia, 'the crown and climax of the school of Antioch.' Mr. Sells thinks that his teaching had a doctrinal basis akin to that of Sabellianism, and that he was a man of provocative temper, but if in the reconstruction of doctrine we must return to the Antiochene tradition, we shall owe much to the teaching of Eustathius, who is an outstanding representative of that school.

Mag. Johannis Hus Tractatus Responsivus. Edited by S. Harrison Thomson. (Princeton University Press. \$3.50.)

This document is now first edited with a Critical Introduction and Notes from the unique MS. in the Metropolitan Chapter Library at Prague. It has been no light task, and the editor expresses his obligation to Professor Novotny, who holds the chair of Czech History in the Charles University in Prague, for invaluable help. The tractate forms the chief part of a codex which contains many other writings, but is the only one due to this scribe. That Hus was the author is seen from its general tone and content; from the way in which Wyclif's tractates are used; from the striking identity in the estimate of Epingle's character and ability in the treatise and in *De Ecclesia*; from verbal parallels with many other of Hus's works; and not least from the title in another hand. It is a reply to articles that had been condemned by certain men and distributed among the priests in country parishes with instructions that they should be publicly read, with the condemnation it is alleged they deserve.

Sixteen of these articles had been brought to Hus from the monastery of Rokycany. Hus holds that there is one supreme pontiff, after the order of Melchizedek, supreme at Prague as well as at Rome. Secular power belongs to princes and kings, not to priests. Nor is any Christian bound to obey laws that are not founded on Scripture, but are the additions of later popes and prelates. When Christians cannot receive things necessary to their salvation from their own priests, they are justified in receiving from good priests anywhere the Word of God, spiritual advice, and the sacraments. His arguments against excommunication are given under eight heads. He is exceedingly bitter against the immorality of the ruling class of the hierarchy. The earnest priest, filled with the Spirit of Jesus, should judge all things according to that Spirit, and proclaim to others the things that are to be understood. Secular rulers ought to keep the clergy free from the sins of wealth and worldly power, and maintain the primitive purity of the Church. As to the quotations made from Wyclif without acknowledgement, there was no attempt to pass these off as his own. Wyclif himself borrowed much, without acknowledgement, from Guillelmus Peraldus as well as from Grosseteste. Nor must we forget that they were both university lecturers, who had to present current philosophical and theological thought to their students. Mr. Thomson has rendered great service by this fine piece of work.

The Jewish Antecedents of the Christian Sacraments. By F. Gavin, Ph.D., Th.D. (S.P.C.K. 5s. net.) The Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York, delivered these three fresh and instructive lectures at the S.P.C.K. House last September. He sketches some considerations which show that there is nothing improbable in the derivation of Christian sacramentalism from Judaism. He has no difficulty in proving that early Christian belief and practice in regard to baptism is best interpreted by contemporary rabbinic Judaism. Two factors explain sacerdotalism—Judaism and Jesus, in whom the Eucharist has transcended its ancestry. The debt of Christianity to Judaism is 'nowhere more marked than when it is least apparent, for that which has been received over is transubstantiated in meaning, content, and power.'—*Creative Personality and Evolution.* By Steward A. McDowall, B.D. (S.P.C.K. 5s. net.) Mr. McDowall, who is chaplain and senior science master at Winchester College, prefixes the sermons in this volume with an article which he wrote for the *Guardian* and a lecture at King's College, London. The sermons which follow were delivered at various times and places, but they are grouped round the central thought that God is Love. He limits Himself in creating man in order that His creatures may freely turn to Him. Man's refusal to make this surrender led to the Incarnation, which is a second creation, in line with the first. The ten sermons range over the subjects of freedom, vision, personality, marriage, alms, till they bring us to the Son of Man, in whose presence all doubt of man's destiny goes, and

to the Holy Trinity. 'In the deepest depth of our being we know that because Jesus was in the Father, and the Father in Him, we may be one in Them.' God's limitation of Himself in the creation of man and in the Incarnation is to lead finally to 'the complete alinement of all the powers of man in their activity with the activity of God.' It is a view full of hope and incentive to high endeavour.—*Notes on St. Luke and the Acts.* By Alex. Pallis. (Oxford University Press. 3s.) These notes bring to a close the suggestions which the writer has made towards the elucidation of the historical books of the New Testament. They are always suggestive, and will have to be considered by students and expositors. Mr. Pallis is not able to extend his studies to the Epistles of St. Paul, but he would alter the word 'virgin' in 1 Cor. vii. 36-7 to 'virginity,' which would apply equally to men and women. In Luke xxiv. 41, he thinks that 'believed not for joy' should be really the aphasia with which the disciples were struck from their overwhelming joy at the sudden reappearance of Christ. 'Leaping' in Acts iii. he thinks should be 'rejoicing,' not an indecorous dancing in the Temple. The 'James' of Acts xii. 17 he holds to be John's brother, not the brother of our Lord. The notes certainly make one think, and, whilst we cannot share all Mr. Pallis's conclusions, we are grateful for the stimulus to fresh inquiry which we gain from every page.—*A Manual of Christian Beliefs.* By Edwin Lewis. (T. & T. Clark. 5s. net.) The writer of this manual is Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. His book has grown out of informal discussions with groups of men and women in open forums and conferences. He begins with the Existence and Activity of God, and passes on to Man, to the problem of Evil, to Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the Church, and the Life Eternal. The language is wonderfully clear, though the philosophical background is introduced especially in considering the nature of God and the problem of evil and sin. There is a Bibliography, with suggestions for further reading; books that may be studied in connexion with each chapter, and questions for review and research topics and subjects. It is a manual which will be of great service to students. The closing chapter, on 'The Life Eternal,' is specially helpful.—*Futile Sermons.* By C. H. Drawbridge, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 4s. 6d.) The Archbishop of Canterbury's criticism of modern sermons at the Church Congress of 1925 is here given at length, with the comments it called forth in the public Press. Mr. Drawbridge draws his own conclusions, but they do not strike us as very helpful. He admits that there is room for vast improvement, but does not forget the strain put on the clergy by all manner of engagements. It seems to us that the archbishop holds the field, and that his call for more study and more select reading is one that no preacher can neglect. The book really enforces that appeal in a novel and impressive way.—*What can a Man believe?* By Bruce Barton. (Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.) One chapter of this book, headed, 'The Church Nobody Knows,' links it to the two earlier volumes which have made such a deep impression. This book is an answer to a

business man who put some searching questions as to religion and the Church. It does not spare the Church, and is not surprised that more people do not go there, since its object is to make men dissatisfied with their own characters, achievements, and ideals. The religion of Christ is the most optimistic and achieving of all religions. Jesus had all the fire of youth, and those who cut Him off 'preserved Him for us ever young, full of optimism for the future, full of dissatisfaction with the past.' Some impressive facts are drawn from the writer's contact with business men, and the Church is made to stand out as the one channel through which faith has been transmitted and as worthy of a determined effort for its strengthening and betterment on the part of all.—*The Great Reality*. By the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 6s. 6d. net.) The Bishop of Edinburgh feels that the uplift for the Church which so many are looking for must come from the rediscovery of the indwelling Christ. The single scene on the road to Damascus was the foundation of St. Paul's extraordinary life. 'Every fact he had been up against was substantiated. Jesus was the Messiah; the Cross was the sacrifice; the little band of Galilean peasants was the Kingdom.' Dr. Walpole shows the failure of Reservation as an inspiration to holy living, and lays stress on the greater and more effective nearness of Christ within the soul. The need of 'certain, plain, and personal confession' of Christ is well brought out, and the friendship of Christ and His indwelling are set forth as 'the inspiration of all the good and effective work in the world.' It is a book that will lead many to seek the experience which it unfolds so attractively.—*The Life Eternal Here and Now*. By Alexander Nairne, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 3s. 6d. net.) The Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge feels that St. John has a more than consolatory doctrine for the bereaved. He gives a view of death as passing into life here and now, if we love the brethren. 'He brings the communion of saints into the foreground of experience, and offers abundant life and happiness which mortality does not impair; it becomes rather a means of fuller life than a fatality of experience.' The New Testament reaches its consummation in the Epistle and Gospel called St. John's. The Gospel reveals the mind of Christ informing everyday life. It is a gospel of youth for youth. It recapitulates the apostolic doctrine as it runs its course through the first century, and starts a fresh era in the faith concerning God, the self or soul, and life. The Incarnation culminates in the Passion of Jesus, the sacrifice for the salvation of the world. Union with Him now leaves no room for death as separation.

Civilization Remade by Christ. By F. A. M. Spencer, B.D. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.) This volume opens with a great thought. 'Christianity has to reform the world.' It begins with 'The Social Application of the Gospel Ethic,' and brings out its bearing on war and peace, government and politics, marriage, the family, the stewardship of wealth, and other great subjects. Mr. Spencer does not expect his readers to accept all his conclusions, but he makes them

think by his own frank expression of his views. He feels that a new epoch is beginning. 'In spite of all the uncertainty, discord, futility, the prospect was never so golden. But humanity must first learn of Christ, the Christ that was in Palestine, and still speaks to us through the pages of the gospel, the Christ that lives ever to guide and inspire.'—*The Ultimate Epoch, and Other Essays*. By Arthur J. Hubbard, M.D. (Longmans & Co. 6s.) Dr. Hubbard's first essay is in the nature of a sequel to his book *The Fate of Empires, Being an Inquiry into the Stability of Civilization*. Our Lord introduced the Fourth or Ultimate Epoch, and for three hundred years Christians refused to recognize the State as an institution. Constantine introduced a compromise, and thousands passed into the ranks of the Christians, without comprehension or conviction. Christianity was thus captured as an instrument of State. For Christ the Kingdom of God is within us, and by His sacrifice there is revealed the power to set up the Kingdom of God on earth as an ante-chamber to His Kingdom in Paradise. 'The storm on the Lake of Galilee' yields strong evidence that John was the author of the Fourth Gospel. He was able to set a boat at the service of Jesus, and as a 'wholesale fishmonger' was familiar with Jerusalem. 'The Succession of the Canonical Gospels' is another interesting essay which brings further evidence to bear on that authorship, and the closing study of Pliny's famous letter regards the sacramentum by which the Christians bound themselves to abstain from theft, adultery, &c., as really their morning sacrament. It is a layman's contribution, and often very suggestive. —*Morals for Ministers*. By Rex. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d.) Rex is himself a minister, and he covers most sides of a minister's life. He does it well. He sees what the temptations of such a life are, and he gives much sound advice in a way that gets home. Wrong motives and mixed motives, truthfulness and urgency in preaching, getting into the newspapers, depression, politics, women—he has little homilies on all, and they are sane and helpful. Preaching on holidays to earn a fee is censured, though Rex admits that there are cases in which every minister is more than justified in preaching on a holiday, even though he will lose some of the physical benefit of his time of rest. Another word is worth noting: 'The attempt to shine in the pulpit is the preacher's attempt to substitute himself for a King whose absence is necessary to the success of his endeavour and is secured by the nature of it.'—*Thoughts from Dr. Jowett's Sermons*. (Independent Press. 2s. 6d.) These thoughts were culled from sermons to which the compiler listened at Carr's Lane from 1899 to 1911. They are arranged in the order of the books of the Bible, and cover from a single line to a dozen, with the dates of delivery and the texts. They form a happy representation of a noble ministry, and set one thinking about great truths in a way that is an aid to meditation and will be a stimulus for other preachers. Here is the thought linked to Isa. xxxv., about the desert blossoming as the rose: 'There are resources all round us that can irrigate the dry places in our lives.' 'More than conquerors' supplies the note 'By accepting Christ and

playing the game.' Here is another thought: 'Like an inflowing tide, grace is energy, not an attitude. It controls thought and reveals sin.' It is a little book with many gems.—*The Reformers and Holy Scripture*. An Historical Investigation. By C. Sydney Carter, M.A., Litt.D. (Thynne & Jarvis. 2s. 6d.) Dr. Carter gives an impressive view of the teaching of the Reformers on Holy Scripture. All the Anglican and most of the foreign Reformers held a thorough belief in the plenary inspiration, unique authority, and absolute trustworthiness of the Bible. That belief led to the wonderful revival of true religion which changed the life and character of the people. The authority of the Bible stood higher in general estimation, and its truths were more revered as the voice of God at the time of the Reformation than they are to-day. Dr. Carter dwells on the evil effects of destructive Bible criticism, yet he rejoices that the circulation of the Scriptures shows no sign of abatement, nor is there any decline in their living power over human life and character.—*The Prayer Book Measure and the Deposited Book*. By Darwell Stone, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 1s.) This is a second edition, with a postscript on the amended form of the Deposited Book. Dr. Stone holds the same position as the Bishop of Truro, and argues that 'the first necessity for preventing further harm is the withdrawal or the rejection of the measure.'

The Marietti Library at Turin sends us three important Latin treatises. *Praelectiones Biblicae ad Usus Scholarum*, by R. P. Hadriano Simon (lire 32), is the third revised and enlarged edition of an introduction and commentary on the Four Gospels, much approved for the use of students of the Scriptures in ecclesiastical seminaries. A second volume deals with the rest of the New Testament, and a third with the Old Testament. The aim is to furnish the main facts of critical, historical, and exegetical importance, and it is carried out with much skill and ample knowledge.—*Tractatus Canonico-Moralis de Sacramentis juxta Codicem Juris Canonici*, Vol. II., Pars I., *De Poenitentia* (lire 32), is by Felix M. Cappello, S.J., Professor in the Pontifical Gregorian University and the Oriental Institute. It deals with the subject in a luminous way, and is based on the theologians and canonists of the Roman Church.—*Theologia Moralis Universa juxta Codicem Juris Canonici* (lire 16), digested for aiding memory by a more apt method for the use of seminaries, examiners, and other purposes. The subjects reviewed are the theological and moral virtues, the virtue of religion, and the virtue of justice. It is the second volume of a new summary of moral theology, which discusses the subject with a fullness not usual in such summaries. The writer's experience in pastoral work and his profound study are brought into contribution, and all is presented in a way that is an aid to memory. Each subject is defined and analysed, the principles are brought out, and the conclusions clearly shown. The three volumes show with what care Rome trains men for the priesthood.

Abingdon Press Publications.—*That I may Save Some.* By Bishop McDowell. (\$1.) *Ideals that Helped Me.* By Bishop Warne. (75 cents.) Bishop McDowell gave five Earl Lectures at the Pacific School of Religion. 'Saving some' was to be the dominant idea, with its enlarged meaning of all that Christ meant by saving a man. He shows how we can get big motives, and helps us to count the cost in this saving of living persons. It is a little book that grips and inspires. Dr. Warne has a simple task, which allows a happy touch of autobiography and is full of incident and illustration from his work in India. It will stimulate and help all who read it.—*Preaching Values in New Translations of the New Testament.* By Harold E. Lucock. (\$2.) Dr. Lucock culls one hundred and fifty striking renderings from the translations of Weymouth, Moffatt, and Goodspeed, and brings out their significance in short but stimulating expositions. It is all very fresh and admirably done. One feels, in reading the pages, how happy are the students at Yale among whom he is going to work as Professor of Homiletics.—*The Religion of the Spirit.* By E. F. Tittle. (\$2.) These studies in faith and life were given from the Evanston pulpit, where Dr. Tittle was a great power among the students of North-Western University. The sermons are rich in high thinking, based on familiarity with the literature of the time and with the phases of human experience. They set one thinking, and do it in a way that leads to strong conviction and fruitful endeavour.—Dr. Bruce Wright has a striking title for his volume of sermons: *God the Greatest Poet; Man His Greatest Poem* (\$1.25). We see God at work moulding man in His own image, and learn how men and women may help or hinder Him. It is a fine thought, and it is beautifully worked out, in a set of impressive Bible studies.—*Speculating in Futures*, by Luther E. Lovejoy (\$1), is a series of striking incidents illustrating Christian stewardship and the blessing that has followed it. The story of Bishop McConnell's mother left as a widow with five little children is a wonderful record, and Bill MacDonald's story is scarcely less inspiring. Such a book cannot fail to increase faith and devotion.—*The Heights of Manhood.* By Rollin H. Ayres. (\$1.) Dr. Ayres's earlier volume, *The Measure of a Youth*, was received with much favour, and he now carries forward the youth to the heights of manhood by loyalty to conscience and the Golden Rule. The illustrative method is used with happy effect, and the nine chapters are full of inspiration.—*An Everyday Christian.* By John G. Hill. (75 cents.) The idea here set forth is the imitation of Christ in all the relationships of life. The need of such an ideal in the 'welter of modern life' is made clear, and its application to work and play, to friendships, home, and religion, is brought out with many pleasant incidents. It is a book which furnishes much material for study-circles.—*Teaching Intermediates in the Church School.* By Alma S. Sheridan (\$1), is a practical guide which will be of real service. The writer is an experienced teacher, and treats the whole subject of training the young in a way that is most suggestive.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

The Correspondence of King George the Third. Vol. III., July 1773 to December 1777. Vol. IV., 1778 to 1779. Vol. V., 1780 to April 1782. Vol. VI., May 1782 to December 1783. Arranged and edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue, LL.D., D.Litt. (Macmillan & Co. 25s. net each.)

THE 1600 documents in these volumes 'attest the enormous difficulties under which the King and North laboured throughout this distressing and disastrous time.' They are generally credited with responsibility for the quarrel with America, but the editor points out that in the early and vital stages the Whigs were in power, and proved themselves utterly helpless. The Americans set the example of violence, and it may be 'doubted whether any man could have composed the difference which divided the two countries. When North became chief Minister, matters had gone too far for amicable adjustment. The only possible solution would have been to grant virtual independence to the Colonies with, as at present, the Crown as the sole link to bind them to the Mother Country.' Had there been unity at home, matters might have turned out otherwise, but 'the steady encouragement given to the revolutionists by the Whigs, most notably by Chatham, Burke, and Fox, paralysed the strength of the Mother Country.' The King thanks North on May 31, 1779, for sending him a copy of 'Lord Chatham's highly unseasonable Motion' that the war should be stopped by the removal of the grievances of the Colonists, which, he says, 'can have no other use but to convey some fresh fuel if attended to by the Rebels, like most of the other productions' of that extraordinary Brain it contains nothing but specious words and malevolence, for no one that reads it, if unacquainted with the conduct of the Mother Country and its Colonies, must [but] suppose the Americans poor mild persons who after unheard of and repeated grievances had no choice but slavery or the sword, while the truth is that the too great lenity of this Country encreased their pride and encouraged them to rebel; but thank God, the Nation does not see the unhappy contest through his mirour.' Sir John thinks this criticism of Chatham was not without justification, and is hardly surprised that the King should have called him 'a trumpet of sedition.' The King thought that the Americans would treat before the winter of 1777, and as a soldier Lord Percy shared that opinion. All such hopes vanished when, on December 2, news arrived that General Burgoyne had capitulated at Saratoga with the provision that he and his army should come home by way of Boston.

The second volume opens with the French offer to recognize the independence of the American Colonies. It was now evident that

war with France was impending, and Lord North tells the King on January 19, 1778, that the anxiety of the last two months has deprived him of memory and understanding. He had promised to bring forward a proposition for peace with America, but 'the former opinions, the consistency, and the pride of his political friends and himself stand in the way of everything that would be effective, or, indeed, have the appearance of a proposition likely to be accepted in any part of America.' He expresses again and again his wish to resign office. The King says he should have been greatly hurt by the suggestion had he not known that, however North might be inclined to despond, 'you have too much personal affection for me, and sense of honour, to allow such a thought to take any hold on your mind.' When he found, in 1777, that North had been in debt ever since his 'first settling in life,' he gave him £20,000, and wrote, 'You know me very ill if you do not think that of all the letters I have ever wrote to you this one gives me the most pleasure, and I want no other return but your being convinced that I love you as well as a man of worth as I esteem you as a Minister; your conduct at a critical minute I can never forget, and am glad that by your ability and the kindness of Parliament I am able to give you this mark of my affection, which is the only one I have ever yet been able to perform; but trust some of the employments for life will in time become vacant that I may reward your family.' The King's regard for old servants comes out in his direction to Lord Bristol on the death of Mary Smith, the royal laundress. 'She suckled me, and to her great attention my having been reared is greatly owing; this ought to make me anxious for the welfare of her children, who by her great imprudence are left destitute of support.' He therefore directs that her youngest daughter should be appointed to the business which she had frequently managed. Nor does he forget Lord Bristol's health, and hopes that the July heat has not prevented his riding at noon.

The extraordinary courage and firmness of the King at the most critical moments give special interest to the fourth volume. 'The entrance of France and Spain had not the slightest effect upon his determination.' He was pilloried as a tyrant and a Papist, but with how little justification these letters clearly show. January 1780 found King George drawing up a note for the information of Thurlow, the Lord Chancellor, as to measures for strengthening the Government. He had wished for a Coalition, and felt that Thurlow's office, his character, and his acknowledged firmness and candour, pointed him out as the proper person for the business. 'Authority can never be restored by the meer change of one party for another, it can only be resumed by a strong Government formed out of the Wise, the Virtuous, and Respectable of all Parties.' The King gave a copy of this memorandum to Lord North, 'as it concludes a transaction where my conscience fully approves of the Uniformity and fairness of my conduct, but I owne the vexation I have met with in the course of it has given me much uneasiness.' North was discouraged by a small majority for a measure in the House of Commons, and the

King points out 'what little dependence can be placed on the momentary whims that strike Popular Assemblies.' The correspondence takes us behind the scenes, and shows with what industry and good sense the King followed all the movements of public business. Some relief to the tension comes when Lord Cowper writes from Florence. After describing his failure 'to prevail upon these Royal Personages to bend the mind of his Catholic Majesty,' he asks for one of the three vacant Blue Ribbons. 'Such a mark of your Royal favour would in a great measure alleviate the mortification I am under at present in having failed in my enterprize: It is a great honour Your Majesty confers on all your Subjects in general, that have the good fortune to meet with your Royal approbation.' He says he has two Raphaels, his portrait done by himself, of which there is a mezzotint by Townley, and a Madonna and Child in the highest preservation, for which he had been offered £2,000. He was resolved, however, that it should go to England, and if the King wishes to purchase them he shall have both for £2,500. 'Zoffany can inform Your Majesty of them, as he has had them in his hands: the reason of my disposing of them, is, that I have two more fine Raphaels in view, but my finances will not at present reach the sum, tho' I am at the same time sorry to let them escape: I flatter myself that my collection tho' much smaller than the Oxford one, will greatly exceed it in value. I have packed up part, but don't dare to venture them by sea at present. If Your Majesty would lay your commands upon me to purchase any fine pictures, I will be bound to do it in the cheapest and best way possible, as I have many capital ones in view.'

When, in June 1780, North was negotiating with a section of the Opposition which was prepared to go on with the American War, the King drew up a statement of his views: 'As to Mr. Fox if any lucrative, not Ministerial Office can be pointed out for him, provided he will support the Measures of Government, I shall not object to the proposition, He never having had any principle can certainly act as his Interest may guide him.' He pays tribute to Lord Sandwich, who 'has now got out the finest Fleet this country ever possessed.' He wishes North to talk freely with Lord Thurlow, 'whose Talents and zeal for my Service I can depend upon, and who has a clearness of conception and firmness that makes him willing to go to the bottom of every question.' On November 8, 1781, after an interview with Lieut.-Col. Conway, who has just come from America, he tells North, 'I feel the justness of our cause; I put the greatest confidence in valour of both Army and Navy and above all in the Assistance of Divine Providence: the moment is certainly anxious; the dye is now cast whether this shall be a Great Empire or the least dignified of the European States; the object is certainly worth struggling for and I trust the Nation is equally determined with myself to meet the conclusion with firmness; if this Country will persist, I think an honourable termination cannot fail, for truth is ever too strong for such a conduct as France has held, and if we have any material success she will become sick of the part she has acted; duplicity

can never withstand any disasters, but those who act on other motives ought ever to support any misfortune from the consciousness of the rectitude of intentions.' In May 1782 news comes of the surrender of Negapatam, and of Trincomalee and its fort having been taken from the Dutch. This success it was hoped would make both French and Dutch more tractable. Two days later news arrived of Rodney's great victory at the battle of the Saints, which the King calls 'the most compleat Victory that has occurred this War.' Peace, however, was not yet in sight. The King was anxious about the Admiralty's neglect of Gibraltar, but the grand attack made on it was 'repulsed with disaster to the assailants; and the English fleet, never before so powerful and efficient, defied the fleets of France, Spain, and Holland.' The King thought that to exchange Gibraltar for one or more of the valuable West Indian islands would be 'highly advantageous to this Kingdom.'

Sir John Fortescue has now completed his six volumes, though he suggests that another may yet be added. His Introductions bring out the riches of the correspondence, and show what a wealth of information is here available for students. George the Third comes out of the ampler record with added dignity, whilst his loyalty to his Ministers and his devotion to his country cannot fail to make a strong impression on all who follow his correspondence.

England and America Rivals in the American Revolution.

By Claude H. Van Tyne. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

These six lectures were delivered by the Head of the Department of History in the University of Michigan on the Sir George Watson Foundation for American History, Literature, and Institutions, and will do much to promote 'that mutual understanding in which all men of vision see the best hope of world peace and democratic progress.' Dr. Van Tyne refers in his Preface to the vague fear of Europe which explains American aloofness and complacency. 'Give us time and this will pass away. Exchange of ideas, education of both nations as to the institutions of both, and tolerance for what we do not understand, will, I am sure, cement that friendship, which it was the purpose of the founder of this chair to further.' The struggle for the truth about the American Revolution is the subject of the first lecture. The day is passing when an American judge could say, 'I want our schoolchildren taught that our forefathers were right, and the British were wrong.' These lectures will hasten the growth of a better spirit. They describe the rival views of British and American merchants, of Churchmen and Dissenters, and of lawyers. They also discuss the merits of the soldiers and diplomatists of England and of America. Light is thrown on the rapid progress of Methodism when we read that 'the Anglican clergy in America were often such as had failed in England, shepherds to whom their flocks looked up and were not fed. Though there were differences of opinion, it was believed that they drank harder than they prayed,

were more faithful to card-playing than to their congregations, and were better connoisseurs of fighting cocks than of souls.' As to the struggle with the Mother Country, all that was needed for concord was the spirit of compromise. England had not yet solved the problem of breeding democracies that would be loyal to her. The experience of mankind did not yet offer sufficient light. England had no friends in Europe in the struggle; France furnished nine-tenths of the munitions of war which enabled Washington to carry on in 1776 and 1777. This is a set of lectures which ought to be studied on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Pre-War Mind in Britain: An Historical Review. By C. S. Playne. (Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.)

This is a study supplementary to the writer's *Neuroses of Germany and France before the War*. It ascribes Britain's entrance into the war to the temper of the country. The demon of nervous haste has to be conquered, and cure or avoidance found by fitting men's nervous system 'to stand the wear and tear of life. Only when this is accomplished will it be possible to re-establish the balance of wiser thinking and sounder action.' Mrs. Playne holds that Mr. Asquith caught the alarm that was in the air, and in 1914 'headed steadily for the war against Germany, for which the Liberal Imperialist Government had long prepared.' Sir Edward Grey's words in Parliament were an incitement to war. 'His conduct, his speeches, were motivated by instinctive preference, instinctive repulsions fostered because of his prejudiced mentality in his ignorance of other nations.' We are quite unable to follow such criticisms or to ascribe Britain's entrance into the war to national neurosis. It was entered into as a terrible duty which could not be thrust aside. The war temper had burst beyond control in Germany, and the world had a terrible task before it was humbled and mastered. Mrs. Playne writes under strong conviction, and throws much light on the period by citing the opinions of other writers, but to our mind she certainly does not carry conviction.

Luther and the Reformation. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D., D.D. Vol. II., 'The Breach with Rome' (1517-21). (Longmans & Co. 16s. net.)

Professor Mackinnon gives in this volume a detailed account of Luther's views as a Reformer in the four years which were of supreme importance for the initiation of the Reformation. His first volume was the prologue to the Reformation drama. Two other volumes will bring the history down to the death of Luther in 1546. The present volume opens with the Indulgence Controversy, which led Luther to post up his ninety-five theses. In 1518 he was cited to appear at Rome under penalty of excommunication. His courage rose with the increasing danger. He knew that to obey the summons was to take the road to the stake, and begged the Elector to obtain from the Pope the remission of his case to a German tribunal. The

great story of Luther's struggle with the Papacy is told with details gained by extensive research. The Diet of Worms was the culmination of the struggle. There Luther stood as leader of the nation in its attack on the Roman régime, and proved himself 'the strong man and also the great man of the age.' Rome cast him out from its communion and the Emperor outlawed him. Dr. Mackinnon says, 'There can be no doubt, at any rate, of the infatuated folly of the whole business from the point of view even of the interest of Rome, not to speak of that of the Church and religion. . . . To assume that merely to destroy Luther was to save the Papacy and the Church, and yet refuse or neglect to reform either, was to court disaster with open eyes.' His doctrine of Justification by Faith changed his whole spiritual outlook, and between 1518 and 1520 he wrought out the ideas which brought him into irreconcilable antagonism to the mediæval Church. 'It is in very deed an astounding example of the power of an idea, working through the genius of the solitary seeker after truth in the monk's cell, in moulding and making history in the face of the might and the terror of the dominant system.' Luther's work was not wholly new. The ideas of previous reformers and forces working towards the same end must be taken into account. Nor must the support of the Elector Frederick be overlooked. He was a protector resourceful enough to foil the attempts of Luther's enemies to crush him, and staunch in his resolution to see fair play done even to the heretic. Professor Mackinnon's work is certainly one of the most important studies of Luther and his work which we possess.

Carlyle: His Rise and Fall. By Norwood Young. (Duckworth & Co. 12s. 6d.)

The character of this book may be inferred from its title. It is a critical biography which fastens on defects and blemishes in Carlyle's work and closes with the question 'whether, in spite of the nobility of much that he wrote, Carlyle may not, on the whole, have done more harm than good.' That position is based mainly on his *Frederick the Great*, with its conception of 'Might is right,' to which Mr. Young attributes no small influence on German action in the Great War. But Mr. Young fails to see what Professor Robertson points out in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*—that Carlyle was 'the greatest moral force in the England of his day.' His study is piquant. The fighting masons of Ecclefechan make a vivid group, and there is force in the criticism of Carlyle's outbursts over his health, which are described as 'excessive, unmanly, and inconsiderate' from one who 'never had a day's serious illness in his life.' Still, one feels that Mr. Young might never have heard of dyspepsia. But the critic does ample justice to Carlyle's devotion to his kindred, and gives some interesting fragments from letters in which he describes death as 'properly the beginning of life.' *Sartor Resartus* is the most characteristic of his books. He lets himself go in this 'poem of self.' *The*

French Revolution carries the most stolid reader off his feet at times. It is an epic poem, but it is not fair to call it 'a panegyric of crime' whose 'influence has been to encourage acts of violence and cruelty.' It pictures the nemesis of history, a terrible illustration of the harvest reaped after years of heedless sowing. Mr. Young finds less to criticize in the *Cromwell*. Carlyle made him 'a living man. We cannot but admire him, and love him as a fellow man.' The chief criticism is reserved for *Frederick the Great*, which represents him as a man of peace, whereas he was really a lover of war. The story was 'not merely erroneous; it was the opposite of the truth.' The king is 'given proportions and qualities which he was far from possessing.' Mr. Young holds that the practical effect of Carlyle's praise of one of the worst men known to history came home to us in the terrible years of the Great War. 'Carlyle must be accounted one of the authors of that catastrophe.' Mr. Young vindicates Froude for his treatment of the manuscripts which Carlyle entrusted to him, and describes him as the writer 'of one of the best and bravest biographies in the English language.' His own book is very much alive, and, despite its edged criticism, it is one of vivid interest from beginning to end.

John Bunyan: His Life, Times, and Work. By John Brown, D.D. The Tercentenary Edition, revised by Frank M. Harrison. (Hulbert Publishing Company. 21s. net.)

Dr. Brown has linked his name with that of Bunyan, whose three hundredth birthday we are to keep in November. He is really more alive than ever, and Dr. Brown's masterpiece will this year be sought after and studied with increasing interest. Mr. Harrison has brought it up to date, with marginal notes and editorial comments distinguished by square brackets from those of Dr. Brown. He has not interfered with the text, but has added new matter to some of the chapters, doubled the number of illustrations, and secured from Dr. Keynes a bibliography of Dr. Brown's writings. Dr. J. D. Jones contributes a brief account of the biographer, of whom there is a capital portrait. Dr. Brown's valuable appendices have been enlarged, especially that on 'Personal Relics of Bunyan.' We also have a 'Chronological List of Bunyan's Works,' with particulars of some important editions. The Index is nearly doubled. Mr. Harrison has spared no pains to make this edition indispensable to all lovers of Bunyan, and he has certainly succeeded.

Church and State: Political Aspects of Sixteenth-Century Puritanism. By A. F. Scott-Pearson, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Pearson's earlier volume on *Thomas Cartwright and Elizabethan Puritanism* sought to set Cartwright free from traditional accretions and prejudices, and solved much that was obscure in his career. He has now used the material procured by original research to elucidate

the political significance of a certain phase of Puritanism. Cartwright's approval of a limited monarchy was embodied in the Presbyterian polity which he advocated, though as a Puritan he did not set himself to promote a definite political creed. He held that Church and State were separate societies. This was the two-kingdom theory for which Cartwright claimed the authority of Christ (Luke xii. 14) and of the Old Testament. The mingling of estates he held to be 'contrary to the practice of the elder church uttered boeth in Councils and fathers.' One society was concerned with eternal life, the other with life in this world. The Church is divine in a sense not applicable to the State, over which it enjoys a priority and superiority. 'The cause why this world endureth is for that the ful number of the elect is not yet gathered. So that, as sone as they are assembled by the Ministry of the Church, there shal be forthwith an end of the world.' The imperfect administration of the actual Church calls for the ultimate jurisdiction of the unified State, but this resort to the magistrate can never be satisfactory until the latter is a true Presbyterian servant and exponent of a Presbyterian God. Dr. Pearson examines certain aspects of this two-kingdom theory, such as sovereignty, obedience, and various ancillary notions. He has also an interesting excursus and appendix on Aristotelianism in Puritanism and the Scottish Church. It is a book of great research, and one that throws much light upon the Puritan movement.

Richard Baxter and Margaret Charlton: A Puritan Love-Story.
By John T. Wilkinson, M.A., B.D. (Allen & Unwin.
7s. 6d. net.)

Baxter's *Breviate of the Life of Margaret Baxter*, published in 1681, has only once been reprinted, and that was 102 years ago. It is a love-story that brings out a new side of the great Puritan's character. His marriage gave him nineteen years of happiness, unalloyed save for the young wife's ill-health and his own. Her husband says he was not ashamed to have been much ruled by her prudent love in many things. She was better at resolving a case of conscience than most divines. It is a story that does honour to both Baxter and his wife, and Mr. Wilkinson has lavished much research on this attractive volume, with its portraits and facsimiles.

The Mastery of the Pacific. By Sir Frank Fox. (John Lane.
8s. 6d.)

This is a problem which chiefly concerns the British Empire and the United States, and Sir Frank Fox has a special right to be heard upon it, as he himself comes from the Pacific. The picture which he draws of a possible war of the future is horrible. The chief dignitaries would be the poisoners-in-chief and the social transport commanders. It would be necessary to provide subterranean accommodation for all the population of the country. Metternich described war as an obscene word, and that epithet is far more pregnant with meaning than in his day. This is brought out vividly in the Foreword. Sir

Frank shows that Europe has no say in the Pacific problem. The position of Russia, Japan, and China is considered in three interesting chapters. Then America's Imperial expansion is traced in her relations with Cuba, the Philippines, and Latin America; her policy in the World War, and after it, is clearly brought out. Britain was a most reluctant colonizer in the Pacific, but to-day the unity of the Empire is firmly rooted in a living instinct, and for the defence of a clear Imperial interest the Dominions would take part with all their strength. The strategic factors in the Pacific Ocean are the British Empire, the United States, and Japan. Sir Frank urges that we and America should begin our Pacific co-operation with China, 'where a great, industrious, peaceful population need to be given disinterested protection and tutelage to enable them to achieve a settled system of government.' Any lack of mutual confidence and co-operation would be critically dangerous, and this wise and far-sighted book claims careful attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Glimpses of Rural Life in Sussex during the last Hundred Years. By Alice C. Day. (Oxford: The Countryman. 2s. 6d.)

Mrs. Anderson is the last member of a family settled for several hundred years at Hadlow Down, where they were Lords of the Manor. She has gathered together incidents of village life which have rare charm and interest. The industry, the independence, the kindness to each other of these homely folk is really delightful. Their thirst for Bible teaching and their appreciation of sermons and Scripture reading comes out in many details, whilst the stories of thrift and resourcefulness well deserve to be put on record. One well-known farmer wished his boy to be christened Beelzebub, but the startled clergyman got the party to adjourn to the graveyard whilst he finished the afternoon service, and they changed the name to Augustus Caesar. Other sons were named Virgil and Cicero, and a daughter Venus Pandora. There is plenty of spice in the stories, and a love of Sussex villagers which is really infectious.

The Trial of the Templars. By Edward J. Martin. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.) Philip the Fair set himself to destroy the Order of the Templars, and Dr. Martin thinks that, whilst some of his methods were discreditable, his policy was statesmanlike and far-seeing. He secured the assent of the French Pope, Clement V, and on October 13, 1307, every Templar within the French borders was thrown into prison, save a few who were able to fly. The evidence taken by the Papal Commission is examined. It does not prove that the Order was guilty of heresy, but that its members were 'morally guilty of much worse social disorders, violence, bloodshed, and blasphemous buffoonery.' The condemnation of the Order was really the best, and morally the justest, thing that could have happened. The trial of the Templars shows that the characteristic qualities of

the Middle Ages were 'violence and dirt and licensed brigandage, taking the name of Christ in vain.'—*Life in the Middle Ages*. Vol. I. With thirteen illustrations. By G. G. Coulton. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.) *The Mediaeval Garner*, published in 1910, was rather a bulky volume, and it is a happy idea to divide its treasures into four parts, with attractive illustrations. This first volume deals with *Religion, Folk-Lore, and Superstition*: the second is to contain *Chronicles, Science, and Art*; the third, *Men and Manners*; the fourth, *Monks, Friars, and Nuns*. The first volume gives 128 extracts, three of which are new and two of them have considerable recent interest, as they refer to St. Joan and the Inquisition. The book is a real representation of the religious life of the Middle Ages, and ought to be very widely popular in this new and convenient form.—*John Wesley*. By William Wakinshaw. (Epworth Press. 1s., and 2s. cloth.) This is a little book brightly written, and giving a clear view of Wesley and his work. It begins with his ancestry, and soon introduces the reader to the Rectory at Epworth. One chapter shows the eighteenth-century environment in which Wesley found himself, then Mr. Wakinshaw sketches his character and his career, describes a typical year of his life, quotes the tributes of historians, and assigns Wesley his place in history. There is much study behind this vigorous and most interesting little volume.—*Captain Cook: Explorer and Navigator*, by J. G. Rowe (Epworth Press, 2s.), belongs to the *Noble Life Series*. The great explorer was born two hundred years ago, so this is a bicentenary volume, and Cook deserves high honour. He charted the St. Lawrence and surveyed Newfoundland and Labrador before he was appointed commander of the expedition sent to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus in 1769. The story of his explorations and his tragic death in 1779 is told in a way that will make young people feel keen interest in a man who stands foremost among our maritime discoverers.—*La Grande Gehenne*. Par V. Darquittain et L. Le Boucher. (Paris: Rivière. 12 fr.) This is an account of the convict system in French Guiana written by two officers who had spent many years there. The legislation of the past is described, and the measures of 1925, which corrected many of the brutalities of the system. The description of these is heart-rending, and many instances are given of the escapes and assassinations to which the poor wretches were driven by cruelty and despair. It is a relief to feel that more humane measures are now adopted in this Grand Gehenna.—*What China Wants*. By A. M. Chirgwin, M.A. (Livingstone Press. 6s.) The intellectual renaissance lies behind every phase of the Chinese awakening. The spoken language is brushing aside the dead classical language. The necessity for speaking in one tongue and writing in another has gone for ever. The anti-Christian movement is largely an attack on foreign imperialism. Mr. Chirgwin thinks that China will survive the staggering blows of three simultaneous revolutions, and emerge as one of the greatest peoples of the world. This is a little book that will repay careful study.

GENERAL

A Book of Words. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.)

THESE selections from speeches and addresses delivered between 1906 and 1927 lead up to the tragic times of the Great War, and broaden out into the days of peace, which have had their peculiar cares and problems. There is rich variety in the themes. 'Literature' is represented at the Royal Academy dinner; 'Reading' makes a memorable appeal at Wellington College; 'Fiction' and 'The Handicaps of Letters' are presented by a master of the art in addresses before the Royal Literary Society and on behalf of the Royal Library Fund. But Mr. Kipling is equally at home with surgeons, travellers, soldiers, and sailors, and his Rectorial Address at St. Albans on 'Independence' supplies backbone for young adventurers in the art of living. Mr. Kipling gives force and interest to every subject he handles, and it is no small stimulus to be in his company. He said at Winnipeg in 1909 that he had done his best for twenty years to make all the men of the sister nations within the Empire interested in each other, and these addresses will certainly promote that end. There are many sentences that glitter like gems, but the fine sense of duty and loyalty to the noblest things is what strikes us most in a volume which will be an inspiration to all who read it.

The Social Philosophy of William Morris. By Anna A. von Helmholtz-Phelan, Ph.D. (Cambridge University Press. 17s. 6d. net.)

This is a publication of the Duke University Press at Durham, North Carolina, and it is a beautiful volume, with its artistic binding, its fine type, and its frontispiece portrait of Morris. Dr. Phelan has written a fascinating study of the man and his work. She gives a biographical sketch of 'The Making of a Democrat,' and then describes the history of Morris's Socialism and his social ideals, which were shaped by the fact that both by temperament and training he was an artist. He insisted on man's right to enjoy, to live an eager life. To him the industrial order seemed to forbid men to be happy. His claims for a true social order were inspired by a passion for the wholeness of life. He demanded healthy bodies, due education, fit work for mind and body, duly adjusted to individual capacity, and a beautiful world to live in. He was one of the world's courageous thinkers and doers who strove persistently and nobly for the happiness of all to whom our industrial order forbids happiness, and for a reorganization of society based on the fundamental need of man for intelligent work. Dr. Phelan supports her position by many interesting extracts from Morris's writings and from Dr. Mackail's standard biography.

The Nature of Existence. By J. Mc. T. E. McTaggart. Vol. II. Edited by C. D. Broad. (Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.)

This volume completes the great work in constructive philosophy of a distinguished and lamented Cambridge teacher, one of the very few English thinkers who is the author of a truly original metaphysical system. Dr. McTaggart now applies the general results of Volume I, which was published in 1921, to certain empirical questions of great importance. There is this difference between the inquiries pursued in the two volumes. In the former, conclusions, if true, are certain; in the latter, conclusions are only highly probable, because all empirical knowledge is, or is based upon, perception, and perceptions may be misperceived. The idea of time, for instance, is such a misperception. The denial of the reality of time is fundamental in Dr. McTaggart's system. All error is closely concerned with the illusion of time. What we regard as past and future are distinguishable from the present by degrees of intensity in conscious experience. He finds no difficulty in rejecting belief in the reality of matter also; for this rests on inference; and there is no difficulty in supposing that the inference is mistaken. Dr. McTaggart is well known as an idealist who consistently maintains the supremacy of spiritual values; he recognizes the impossibility of matter without mind. But he is no solipsist. Whilst for him nothing exists but spirits, he does not recognize the necessity for any one all-embracing or controlling Spirit. The only spirits in his universe are limited minds. Nevertheless, such spirits form an ordered system; the universe is a unity, though not a unity which belongs to self-consciousness. It is clear that Dr. McTaggart recognizes an Absolute, but this Absolute is not a single spiritual being, but a society; or, if it is to be called a single spiritual being, it is a being which exists or manifests itself only in a plurality of limited consciousnesses.

It is on the basis of this type of pluralistic interpretation of reality that Dr. McTaggart explores and expounds the nature of existence. By trains of severe and exact reasoning, which tax to the full the powers of even trained philosophical minds, he pursues a searching inquiry into the characteristics of the spiritual selves which constitute the realm of reality. How far the theistic affirmation of a Supreme Spirit survives in this realm his readers may not find it easy to say. His definition, 'By "God" we mean a being who is personal, supreme (though not necessarily omnipotent), and good (though not necessarily perfect morally)' (cf. pp. 176 f.), may perhaps be cited as the nearest approximation to a theological conception. But the constraint of his pluralism is felt in such judgements as the following: 'God cannot be identified with the universe, since a self cannot contain other selves as parts'; 'there cannot be a self which creates all the other selves; for all the selves are primary parts' (cf. p. 178). Consequently 'there could not be a really controlling, though non-creative God' (cf. p. 180). The most he can admit is that 'it is

possible that there might be a self which appeared *sub specie temporis* as a controlling God.' But 'it is doubtful whether such a being would be of much religious value.' Whilst the reader can hardly fail to be responsive throughout to the singular beauty of spirit in Dr. McTaggart's interpretation of the Highest as he sees it, necessitating, as it does, the exaltation of love as the supreme good of the spiritual universe, he will recall the final judgement of another great Cambridge thinker: 'Pluralism, though empirically warranted, we find defective and unsatisfactory' (James Ward, *Realm of Ends*, q.v.).

Working with a timeless conception of the nature of existence, Dr. McTaggart considers he is justified in making a positive affirmation of immortality. Indeed, Dr. C. D. Broad (to whom we are deeply indebted for the editing of this volume, and especially for the remarkably helpful 'Analytical Table of Contents,' without which this abstract and highly technical treatise would have been very difficult to follow) considers that Dr. McTaggart is the only modern philosopher who claims to prove the immortality of the soul by metaphysical argument. Dr. McTaggart's conclusion is that 'we are certainly timeless, and therefore immortal, in the sense that there is no moment at which we shall cease to exist.' This conception, however, involves the pre-existence of the self as well as its post-existence. These hypotheses are both necessary, and together set forth our present life *sub specie temporis*. It also appears to Dr. McTaggart most likely that our past and future existence is subjected to sub-division by repeated births and deaths. In these rebirths, whilst memory is intermittent, we experience in one life what we have missed in another. But after a finite period there will be no more death.

Whilst we are impressed by the profound thinking and sincere religious nature of the author of this classical contribution to English philosophical thought, and lay it down with gratitude for the intellectual quickening it brings, we are disposed to repeat Mr. Bradley's well-known judgement, at the conclusion of his *Appearance and Reality*, that 'in the end Reality is inscrutable.'

The Oxford Book of Mediaeval Latin Verse. Chosen by Stephen Gaselee. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

All lovers of mediaeval Latin verse, and, in particular, those who have been reading Miss Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars*, will give a hearty welcome to this anthology. It contains a hundred and eleven poems, and the selection is a happy blend of the religious and secular poetry of the thousand years between Hilary of Poitiers and A.D. 1500. Most of the great Latin Christian hymns of this period are included, and selected without any narrow dogmatic predilection. Where there is much scope for selection owing to the mass of material—as, for example, in Prudentius and Adam of St. Victor—the anthologist avoids the obvious, giving the former's description of the shrine of St. Eulalia at Merida instead of more familiar excerpts, and

the latter's hymn on St. John the Evangelist in preference to other better-known hymns of this prolific writer. It may shock the reader unversed in the higher criticism of recent hymnologists to find the *Dulcis Jesu Memoria* headed 'Anonymous,' while the *Veni Creator* is assigned doubtfully to Hrabanus Maurus, and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, also with a query, to Stephen Langton. The secular selection illustrates the rich, many-sided mediaeval humanism—the love lyric, the song of the monk (Walahfrid Strabo) in praise of his garden in spring-time, the chant of the schoolboy at breaking-up and his verses on the Christmas holidays, the call to the Crusade, and why we put a weather-cock on the church spire. It is a goodly feast to which the anthologist invites his readers, and the fare provided will suit every taste. The introduction and notes add to the interest and value of the whole collection.

Evolution by Symbiosis. By H. Reinheimer. (Surbiton: Grevett & Co. 6s.)

Mr. Reinheimer says, 'No advanced thinkers now believe with Darwin and Huxley that the world is a bundle of fortuitous and disconnected facts, in which progress is a doubtful quantity.' A few biologists seem disposed to think that Huxley went to extremes in his repudiation of natural ethics. Mr. Reinheimer says his practical aim has been 'the lifting of my generation out of the slough of scavengerdom in eating habits, due to a lazy compliance with low conditions—conditions that are answerable for disease and degeneration.' According to Lubbock, the bee and the ant approach nearest to man in intelligence, and that favours the conclusion that exaltation of type—progressive evolution—is most ideally established on a vegetarian basis. 'Social and physiological integration, sympathy, and intelligence are best fostered on a vegetarian basis—to be more exact, on a basis of symbiotic cross-feeding.' Mr. Reinheimer has shown in another volume that cancer is explained by 'lack of gregariousness (and of symbiosis) on the part of the cells of the body, due, for the most part, to carnivorous or unsymbiotic feeding habits.' He conducts his argument with a skill that is founded on prolonged research, and with results for which Christian thinkers have good reason to be grateful.

Symbolism: Its Meaning and Effect. By A. N. Whitehead. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.)

These are the Balfour-Page Lectures which Professor Whitehead delivered before the University of Virginia. Language, both spoken and written, is a symbolism, and its meaning is constituted by the ideas, images, and emotions which it raises in the mind of the hearer. Symbolism is very largely concerned with the use of sense-perceptions in the character of symbols for some primitive elements in our experience. The first chapter maintains the doctrine of a direct experience of an external world. The second criticizes Hume and Kant on causal efficacy, and reaches the conclusion that symbolism

plays a dominant part in the way in which all higher organisms conduct their lives. It is the cause both of progress and of error. The third chapter opens out the uses of symbolism in a striking way. A new element in life renders in many ways the operation of the old instincts unsuitable. This disruptive effect of novelties is illustrated by Burke's attitude towards the French Revolution. 'Those societies which cannot combine reverence to their symbols with freedom of revision must ultimately decay, either from anarchy or from the slow atrophy of a life stifled by useless shadows.'

A Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs. (Dent & Sons. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. each.)

These little volumes are important additions to *Everyman's Library*. The quotations are numbered and arranged in alphabetical order of authors, with a full index of subjects in Volume II., where the English proverbs take up 216 pages. The Introduction, signed J. K. M., states that the selection of quotations is based on Mr. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. Certain of his unfamiliar and immemorable passages are omitted, but new matter has been added. The list of Books of Quotations is imposing, and those who use this selection will feel that it is one of the most compact and really helpful in the long list.—*A Dictionary of Quotations*. Edited by Philip H. Dalbiac. (Nelson & Sons. 2s. 6d.) There are 6,000 quotations here, arranged alphabetically according to the word with which the quotation usually begins, and with a subject index which fills 178 double-column pages. The sources are given after each extract, and the volume is neatly and strongly bound and clearly printed. It is a boon to have such a cheap edition of a work of established and well-deserved reputation.—*The Taming of the Shrew*. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.) The New Shakespeare has approved itself to all students, and this volume will increase its reputation. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's Introduction deals with the text and the sources of the play. It belongs to a period, and is not ungallant. Even so, it has to be read, not for establishment of doctrine, but for improvement of manners. The copy for the 1623 text, the stage history, the notes and glossary, make this an ideal edition, both for students and general readers.

The Language of Music. By E. Stanley Roper and R. J. Wickham Hurd. (Oxford University Press. 5s.) The authors rightly say that 'the time available for class music in most schools is usually very short.' As this is undoubtedly the case, it will require a somewhat broadminded head master who is disposed to scheme a slightly elastic time-table, if full advantage is to be taken of the valuable system of imparting 'the Language of Music' as laid down in this volume. The work is to some extent founded on the system of music teaching in vogue at the Kensington High School for girls, where Miss Ethel House has achieved remarkable success. The authors have added the results of their still wider experience, and

they have succeeded in compiling a valuable guide to the modern demands of teaching music. The book, which is, of course, specially designed for young teachers, is well illustrated, and, if carefully and methodically studied, will assist in no small degree in advancing the standards demanded to-day. It is unfortunate that the prices of the numerous books of reference mentioned have not been inserted.

The Short Stories of Thomas Hardy (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d.) make a volume of 1,084 pages, clearly printed, with an end-paper map of Hardy's Wessex. The seven 'Wessex Tales' are followed by 'Life's Little Ironies,' 'A Group of Noble Dames,' in two parts, and twelve other tales. It is concise, vivid, concentrated work, with a realism that makes every detail stand out from the canvas. It is sometimes grim, but never lacks a humorous touch and a lively sympathy with all kinds of homely folk.—*Outlaw Love*, by Kathleen Norris (John Murray, 7s. 6d.), takes us among Sicilian bandits, where Janey Davenport, the rich and beautiful American, loses her heart to Signor di Bari. His mountain retreat to which she is taken has its library and its devoted adherents, and there are many exciting adventures before Janey gets back to Palermo. The American girls are never happier than when surrounded by counts and princes, but Miss Davenport at last finds the best partner and is evidently going to settle down in America with the man who has loved her from her schooldays. Life at Palermo is brightly sketched, and the wild country over which the friends journey to visit a worthless noble stands out impressively. The story of the gipsy queen and the birth of her son is perhaps the most exciting part of the book, though the aeroplane escape and the search for di Bari, who ventures after Janey into Palermo, is not less dramatic. It is a powerful story, and one in which Mrs. Norris breaks fresh ground.—*The Lacquer Couch*, by Anne Fairfield (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a first book, and one of mature artistry. The maiden aunt is transported from her lonely West End flat to her nephew's house in Peking, where his wife is dying of cancer. Ming Yun, their adopted daughter, is a Manchu heiress, and dominates the Carrington household. The doctor's wife is a tragic figure, with her nerves racked by pain, and the love-affairs that go on around her couch are certainly fascinating. Ming Yun is the heroine of the story, but the little Russian princess who is saved from poverty and degradation in Peking is a lovely little study, and the Manchu prince, to whom Ming Yun has been betrothed as a child, is a perfect gentleman. Vera's fight for life involves the whole family, and brings them to the verge of collapse. The retired Chinese diplomat, with his room of mirrors and his fighting rat, is one of the wonders of a tale that is full of dramatic situations. It is a story that holds one spellbound from the first scene to the last.—*Wintersmoon*. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.) It would be hard to compress more dramatic situations into a single story than we find in *Wintersmoon*. Janet is a real queen, and comes into her kingdom in a way that stirs one's pulses. They marry without love, but it comes in like

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a flood at last, and their little boy is as charming a creation as we ever met. Rosalind, the beauty of the pair of sisters, has a sadder fate, and Mr. Walpole leaves us wondering about her new programme and her outlook on life. He certainly owes us another volume, to follow out the future fortunes of the sisters. After all, the noblest figure is the old duke, and his relations to his son are a study in themselves. The story gets hold of us at the beginning, and never loses its fascination or its truth to the basic facts of life and human nature.—*The Mystery of the Walled Garden*. By Arthur Saleroft. (Hutchinson & Co. 7s. 6d. net.) This is a first book of unusual promise. Inspector Trevor is a splendid detective, and the mystery of the murder holds one in suspense to the last moment. The barrister hero is a fine fellow, and his love-story is a happy romance. There is real power in the story, and it is told with literary skill and wonderful ingenuity.—*Downright Dencey*. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. (Dent & Sons. 7s. 6d.) This is a story of Quaker life in Nantucket, and Dencey is a bewitching little person. Her conscience is something of a tyrant, but the girl comes to no great harm by following it, and the waif Flotsam, whom she teaches to read, is going to make a lover worthy of her. Nantucket is a whaling settlement, and Tom Coffyn and his wife are as delightful a study as their girl. Nor are we less interested in Aunt Lovesta and the Quaker life, with its spiritual riches and its narrowness. It is a book that does one good, and its pictures, by Maginel Barney, increase the pleasure and interest with which one turns its pages.—*The Valley of the Squinting Windows*. By Brinsley MacNamara. (Sampson Low & Co. 7s. 6d.) There is no doubt about the literary merit of this Irish story, but its pictures of hard drinking and scandal-making are appalling, and the tragedy of the bright young schoolmistress and the vengeance that comes on her betrayer is almost unbearable. The Catholic priest tyrannizes over the village, and hate and gossip spoil everything.—*The White Prince of the Incas*. By John G. Rowe. (Epworth Press. 5s.) Two young Englishmen are the heroes of this thrilling story. One of them is hailed as the Inca Messiah, and leads their victorious army against Peru. The adventures of the friends almost take away one's breath, and it is a marvel how they get safe back to Somerset with the brides they had won among the Virgins of the Sun. Here is adventure and wonder indeed!—*Something for Tiny Folk*. By Claire Craig. (A. Brown & Sons. 2s. 6d.) A few little sticks and a number of beans are all that is needed for representing fairy stories and nursery rhymes. It is so simple that a small child will soon be an expert in the pleasant art, here represented by coloured lines and white figures for beans.—*The Children's King*, by Elisabeth Edland (Abingdon Press, 75 cents), gives five plays for children, with chapters to teach how they should represent them. It will be a great help to those who wish to instruct as well as attract young folk.—*The Sea-Fairies and their Golden Deeds*, by Marian I. Hurrell (Epworth Press. 1s.), will delight little folk by its marvels and its whimsical pictures. It is attractive from first to last.—*Adventures of Skurry the Scout*, by Ethel Talbot (Epworth

Press, 6d.), is a romance of the world of cats, as amusing as any child could desire.

Many will be glad to have the set of articles reprinted from the *John Rylands Bulletin*. Dr. Peake's *Recent Developments in Old Testament Criticism* (1s. 6d.) is an expert summary of the outstanding problems on the subject; Dr. Fish's paper on the third dynasty of Ur (1s.) has its own interest in view of recent excavation; Professor Conway writes on *The Country Haunts of Horace* (1s.); Dr. Harford's *William Blake* (1s.); Mr. Guppy's *John Bunyan* (1s.) and his *Stepping-Stones to the Art of Typography* (2s.), with fourteen facsimiles, are of special interest.—*An Introduction to Sunday School Work*. By C. F. Hunter, B.A. (Ludgate Circus House. 2s.) This is a book which was greatly needed, and no one could have done it with more insight into the minds of children and clearer discernment of the best methods of work among them. The book is divided into four sections: The Church and the Child; Child Nature and its Development; The Sunday School and its Organization; The Teacher and his Work. It is exceedingly clear and practical, and will be a real help to teachers.—*Hand-List of Catalogues and Works of Reference relating to Carto-Bibliography and Kindred Subjects for Great Britain and Ireland*. By Sir Herbert George Fordham. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.) This list ranges from *The English Topographer* of Dr. R. Rawlinson, which appeared in 1720, to books which are to appear shortly, including Sir Herbert Fordham's *Surveys and Maps of the Elizabethan Period* and H. A. Smith's *Historical Catalogue of Surrey Maps*. The subject has gained much prominence during the last thirty years, and this chronological list, which includes 91 titles, will call attention to communications to local scientific societies which might otherwise be overlooked.—*Hong Kong*. (Publicity Bureau.) A third edition of a history of the colony and the situation in China. Great Britain must protect her nationals. As matters stand, there must be limitations to China's judicial and fiscal autonomy. The system of unequal treaties was not of our choosing, and the Chinese 'cannot properly refuse responsibility for the existing state of affairs, which, really, is due to their own governmental incapacity.'—The Anthroposophical Society sends us *The Story of My Life*, by Rudolf Steiner; his eleven lectures on *True and False Paths in Spiritual Investigation*; and *Anthroposophical Ethics*, three lectures given by Rudolf Steiner in Sweden in 1912. The life-story has many links to Goethe and events in Austria and Germany, and Frau Steiner, in a Foreword to the second of the volumes, claims that in her husband's words 'is hidden richest life and the seed of all truth.' We are not able to endorse such a claim, but the volumes may be allowed to speak for themselves.

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Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (April).—Mr. Wyatt Tilby writes on 'The Decline of Faith.' He says Father Knox, in *The Belief of Catholics*, 'has constructed one of the most convincing arguments for Protestantism, and the toleration that has followed in the wake of Protestantism, that I have ever seen.' Any dream of coercion is a mere delusion. Mr. Tilby holds that the Christian Churches are faced with the most serious crisis in their history. 'Their intellectual authority has decayed because it has taken up positions which the advance of knowledge has made untenable, and they have delayed the process of revision until they are now faced with the necessity of thinking out their ultimate concepts afresh.' He does not fear that religion will lose in the long run if, like science, it steadfastly seeks the truth. There are important articles on 'The American Naval Programme,' 'Peace in the Pacific,' 'British Influence in South America,' 'The Economic Impact of America.' Sir Arthur Evans tells the dramatic story of 'A Forged Treasure in Serbia' by which he himself was victimized. Mr. Graves describes 'Schubert's Debt to the Amateurs,' and Mr. Codison-Morley gives an interesting account of 'The Novels of Grazia Deledda,' the Sardinian lady whose first story appeared in 1890, when she was just fifteen.

Hibbert Journal (April).—Three articles in this very interesting number are concerned with mysticism. Mr. Edmond Holmes writes on 'The Mystic as Explorer,' and from several points of view criticizes Miss Evelyn Underhill, 'who systematically personifies the Absolute,' but the close of his article has a more decidedly Christian tinge than its earlier portions. Dr. Oman's paper on 'Mysticism and its Expositors,' whilst unsympathetic towards certain forms of its teaching, describes mysticism as 'the most attractive of caravanserais to linger in by the way' in the difficult task of setting up the Kingdom of God. Miss Violet Kemp, M.A., has enriched her pages with appropriate illustrative quotations in her essay on 'Mystic Utterances in Certain English Poets.' Sir George Douglas contributes 'Some Recollections and Reflections' in connexion with Thomas Hardy, his close personal friend. The Editor's paper on 'The Lost Leadership of the Churches' contains a shrewd appreciation of the present needs of organized Christian Churches, while he acknowledges that 'The Church, inclusively considered, is unquestionably the most precious asset of our civilization.' Professor Dodd's account of Augustine's *Confessions* is disappointing; he describes his subject as 'A Study of Spiritual Maladjustment' and describes the *Confessions* as a 'moribund masterpiece.' Other articles are 'Confucian Wisdom,' by a Chinese pundit; 'How the Young Japanese Dream of

Oxford,' by E. Pickering; 'Paganism in the Churches,' by C. E. Lart; and 'The Religion of Shakespeare's Father,' by E. L. Fripp. The signed reviews of books are full of interest.

Journal of Theological Studies (January).—Amongst the 'Notes and Studies' in this number is a long and learned paper by Dr. C. H. Turner, being 'Prolegomena' to certain works of Cyprian. This is the third instalment of the Notes, the two previous instalments having appeared in 1905-7. Professor F. C. Burkitt writes on the Old Latin Heptateuch, the text of Exod. xi. 17-19, and the Old Malabar Liturgy. Dr. Vincent Taylor vindicates the Proto-Luke Hypothesis advocated by Canon Streeter and himself against the criticisms of the Rev. J. W. Hunkin. 'Six Notes' contains suggestions contributed by Dr. F. E. Brightman, chiefly on patristic themes. The reviews, which occupy half the number, are written by Dr. Stanley Cook, Dr. Armitage Robinson, Professor Bethune Baker, and other eminent authorities in the various subjects handled.

The Church Quarterly (April).—The Dean of Canterbury writes on 'The Malines Conversations.' Roman Catholics and Anglicans were agreed on certain points, but the crux came when the Roman doctrine of the Papacy was discussed. Pope Pius XI had blessed and encouraged the Conversations, but last January he issued the encyclical 'which can have no other effect, and perhaps had no other intention, than the complete suspension of all such efforts at *rapprochement* as those of Cardinal Mercier.' 'Once again the Church of Rome takes the hard, unyielding ultramontane road. Along that road there can be no *rapprochement*, no understanding, no reunion. The Church of England could never accept a papal supremacy.' Professor Claude Jenkins's 'John Wyclif: The First Phase,' is based on Dr. Workman's great biography. The article on 'Richard Crashaw' is of special interest.

Anglican Theological Review (Milford) (January).—Mr. Quick's 'Note on the Kenosis' argues that to say that 'the knowledge proper to Godhead was excluded from our Lord's consciousness upon earth is a serious mistake.' 'Changes in German Thought,' by Professor Krebs, shows that the leading thinkers are beginning to cast off the double yoke that Kant's critical theory and the materialism of natural philosophy have imposed upon thought. He holds that 'the intellectual smiths in the German fatherland are busy forging adequate weapons.'

Holborn Review (April) presents a varied and attractive bill of fare. Professor C. H. Herford opens with a discussion of the work and fame of Ibsen, whose personal friend he was, as well as being the translator of some of the great dramatist's plays. The Rev. J. C. Mantripp writes on Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, which contains some of the finest and least known of the novelist-poet's work. The Rev. Leslie Weatherhead describes with insight and ability 'The Authority and Inspiration of the Poet,' and another poetical article, by the Rev. A. J. Edmonds, draws attention to 'The Sea

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Pictures of John Masfield.' Other articles are on 'Head-Hunting Papuans,' 'The Selective Power of Personality,' and 'A Microfying Age.' Dr. Peake's 'Editorial Notes' continue to form a distinctive feature of this Review.

Expository Times (April).—The Editor's Notes give an appreciative account of Dr. Birney Smith's *Current Christian Thinking* and of the valuable volume entitled *Old Testament Essays* by eminent scholars of many lands. Dr. W. M. Macregor's paper on so well worn a subject as the Beatitudes is full of insight and charm. Dr. A. S. Peake continues his account of 'Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments,' furnishing a useful guide to current biblical literature. Dr. R. C. Gillie's 'Prophetic Vocation: A Comparison,' instructively compares and contrasts the three major prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. Dr. A. D. Belden writes briefly on a great theme—'Vital Values of the Cross.' A large part of the interest of the *Expository Times* is to be found in articles which cannot be summarized or described here, under such general headings as 'Literature' and 'Recent Foreign Theology.' For a generation past ministers of all Churches have owed much to the surveys of current theological literature furnished by Dr. Hastings.

Science Progress (April).—Dr. Gibbs has an important article on 'Quartz,' and Professor Hill's 'Muscular Activity in Man from the Engineering Aspect,' closes with some amusing calculations as to the speed with which a man could climb per hour on a hill-side with a surface good enough to allow him an efficiency of 20 per cent. Another question is how fast a man might be expected to climb the Woolworth building at New York, which is 792 ft. high. The scientific answer gave 8.4 minutes as the shortest time; and, soon after, a young man accomplished the feat in the record time of nine minutes. Articles on 'The Plough' and on 'Popular Science' add distinctly to the value and interest of this number.

Congregational Quarterly (April).—John Oxenham's 'Rambling Recollections' give pleasant glimpses of his own boyhood in Manchester. Miss Whiting's 'Never so Mad a Lady' tells the story of Sir John Davies and his eccentric wife. The editor's valuable notes keep close to current events.

Cornhill (June).—Mr. Leonard Huxley's 'In Memoriam' of Stanley J. Weyman is a beautiful recognition of his forty-five years' service for *Cornhill*. 'Romance is but rarely wedded to such sincerity of purpose and sanity of outlook.' His serial, 'The "Lively Peggy,"' is a dramatic story of the naval war with France. *Cornhill* was never more variously interesting.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (Chicago) (April).—This is the second number of the new quarterly edition of the Journal, and an excellent number it is. The first article, by Professor E. W. Lyman, is entitled 'Mysticism, Reason, and Social Idealism.' The writer seeks to

show the value of mysticism—in the best sense of a much-abused word—in its relation to the religious thought of to-day. The sane outlook and temperate tone of the writer will attract the judicious reader. 'The Drama of Catholic Confession,' by E. B. Barrett, will probably prove an eye-opener to many Protestant readers, who have not realized the tremendous importance of Confession in the religion which claims to be 'Catholic,' though it forms only one section of the Christian Church to-day. Dr. Vincent Taylor, a scholar who has of late come well to the front in this country through his critical work on the construction of the Gospels, contributes an able article on 'The Synoptic Gospels and some Recent British Criticism.' Dr. Taylor has worked out in detail certain theories in relation to a 'Proto-Luke,' first advanced by Dr. Streeter, which are gaining in favour with critics the more carefully they are examined. The 'Study in Modern Missions,' by C. Manshardt of Bombay, advocates the view that 'the missionary issue has shifted from converts to co-operation,' and that Christianity should show the spirit of brotherhood 'by co-operating with other religions for the welfare of the whole.' The title of the article on 'The Development of the Psychology of Prophecy,' by H. W. Hines, speaks for itself. Readers will differ as to the value to be attached to Freudian ideas in the attempt to interpret the prophets of the Old Testament. The sketch given by Dr. S. V. McCasland of 'The Cult Story of the Early Church' is interesting and instructive.

Harvard Theological Review (January).—Professor Kirsopp Lake and Robert P. Blake give a most interesting account of their 'Re-discovery of the Serâbit Inscriptions' on their way back from an expedition to Mount Sinai. These inscriptions were found by Sir Wm. Flinders Petrie in 1904-5, near the ancient mines opposite the temple of Hathor, on Mount Serâbit el-Khadem. They are in a character which 'resembled Egyptian, but unfortunately was meaningless when interpreted as Egyptian.' The tablet-fragments are now in the Egyptian Museum at Cairo. Dr. Alan H. Gardiner thinks that the language of the inscriptions is Semitic, and 'represents the evolution of Egyptian hieroglyphs into a Semitic alphabet.' Professor R. F. Butin, of the Catholic University of America, 'a trained Semitic scholar,' contributes a learned article on 'The Decipherment and Significance of the Inscriptions.' He refers to 'the striking similarity of the Sinai Semitic script to the Egyptian hieroglyphs,' and hazards the conjecture that these fragments, found near mines, may be 'rejects,' and that 'good tablets which passed inspection may still be in their proper places, scattered over the ridges of Serâbit.' Another valuable article is a scholarly study of Latin and Oriental versions of the Acts, and their relation to the Greek manuscripts.—(April).—Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon writes on 'Some "Western" Variants in the Text of Acts.' The problem of which a solution is sought is the overlapping of 'the Caesarean-Petrine account of Gentile evangelization in Acts ix. 32-xi. 18,' with 'the

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Antiochian-Pauline of Acts vi.-viii. and xiii.-xxviii.' The working hypothesis suggested is 'Luke's adjustment of two conflicting sources' by transposition of certain sections, and parallels to this procedure are found in Luke's own practice in the Gospel. Professor William H. P. Hatch, of Cambridge (Mass.) contributes an interesting article on 'The Apostles in the New Testament and in the Ecclesiastical Tradition of Egypt.' In the extra-canonical Gospels, Peter and Cephas are regarded as different persons, and 'the differentiation of Peter and Cephas at a comparatively early date, and the ascription to the latter of twenty-five years' preaching in Rome, serves to explain the origin of a tradition for which no place can be found in the life of the Apostle Peter.' In tabular form the variations in the different documents are shown; in the 'Epistula Apostolorum' and many versions the name of John stands first.

Methodist Review (New York) (March—April).—The frontispiece to this volume contains a portrait of Dr. W. V. Kelley, former editor of this Review, and appreciative notices of his work are furnished later in the number by the present editor, Dr. G. Elliott, and others. Professor Pupin, of New York City, a scientific expert, writes the first article, entitled 'The Unity of Knowledge.' It is short but suggestive in its appreciation of the Christian religion as one of the chief spiritual forces of to-day. Two psychological articles follow—'The Church and Psycho-Analysis,' by Professor Stolz, and 'Psychology for Religious Education,' by Professor Blashfield. Dr. Frick, of Schenectady, writes an able and timely paper on 'The Christian Layman and the Changing Social Order.' The question 'Have the Stars Meaning?' is answered in his own way by Professor Buchanan, of Berkeley, California. Professor Collier, of Washington, does good service by his frank and healthy discussion of a difficult topic—'The Family, Marriage, and Divorce.' Another writer describes what he calls 'An Unauthorized Bible,' consisting of psalms and chapters written by the pupils of his classes, to prove that the prophets and psalmists 'speak again' in the voices of young persons who imitate them to-day! The 'Editorial' and other accessory 'departments' of this Review contain abundant material valuable to preachers, speakers, and thoughtful readers.

Princeton Theological Review (January) contains six chief articles—'Jeremiah, the Man and His Message,' by A. Stewart; 'Monarchy in Israel,' by J. Oscar Boyd; 'The Second Coming of Christ,' by Edgar M. Wilson; 'Martin Bucer,' by W. Pauck; 'Arminianism in Holland,' by H. L. Neve; and 'An American Translation of the Old Testament,' as criticized by Oswald T. Allis. Dr. Allis says that the book he reviews should be called, not an 'American,' but 'A Chicago University' translation. This new translation is representative, he says, 'of that theological liberalism of which Chicago University is an active exponent'—and of this, we are allowed to gather, Princeton does anything but approve.

The Christian Union Quarterly (April).—The editor says in his Notes that the most hopeful path to the unity of Christendom lies by the way of the social emphasis. Christians must learn to work together if they would understand each other theologically. The Christian Unity Conference in Baltimore had 650 enrolled in its day sessions. Twenty-five different Christian communions were thus represented. An Episcopal rector, Dr. Opie, of Burlington, North Carolina, had promised to take part in the sacrament, but at the last moment was restrained by his Church authority, the Bishop Coadjutor of Maryland, on the interpretation of the canon law. The programme and findings of the Conference are given, with comments upon it in the Press.

Canadian Journal of Religious Thought (January—February).—‘Two Confessions of Faith,’ by Richard Roberts, is a critical study of the volumes by Father Knox and Julian Huxley. Father Knox gives a version of the conventional Roman Apologetic, but it is forced and unconvincing. Mr. Huxley’s position is more puzzling to the critic than the Athanasian Creed. There are articles of much interest on ‘Psychology and Religious Experience,’ ‘Sound Biblical Interpretation,’ and other subjects.—(March—April).—‘The Modern mind and Modernism,’ by Professor Brett, of Toronto University, argues that any change that is made must regard the place religion holds in the life of the nation and be willing to accept new interpretations of the significance of words or actions. There has never been a time when men have more spontaneously or extensively sought after principles which are essentially religious, and there are signs of progress, and the possibility of reconstruction on a basis broader than the world has yet known. Professor Vial writes on ‘The Language of the Gospels,’ and Mrs. Mackenzie on ‘Columbia: Saint and Statesman.’

Calcutta Review (February).—Dr. Howells writes on ‘The Serampore Pioneers and their Claim to Remembrance.’ Carey, Marshman, and Ward seemed unable to advance an inch except at the cost of a great struggle. They made a good fight of faith, were pioneers in the sphere of Indian education and in developing an Indian vernacular. They reinterpreted the Christian Gospel, and brought it to bear on all forms of human need and suffering. There is an important article on ‘The Indian Judge,’ and an address on ‘India in the Eyes of Europe’ given by Dr. Das in New York.—(March).—There is an article on the poetry of W. B. Yates, on ‘Ranjit Singh and the British Government,’ and one on ‘The Royal Commission for India’ by Taraknath Das, who holds that the Nationalist Movement will some day lead India to her freedom, and that the Indian leaders ought to draw up a programme of a government in a scientific manner, and spread it among the people of India and of the world at large.

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